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GEO. CHALMERS ESQ.
F.R.S.S.A.

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Mellificium Musarum:

THE MARROW OF THE MUSES.

Or,

AN EPITOME OF DIVINE POETRIE.

Distilled into { Pious Ejaculations, and Solemne Soliloquies.

By JEREMIAH RICH.

Junii 19. 1650.
Imprimatur, JOSEPH CARYL.

LONDON.

Printed by T. H. for JOHN STEPHENSON, and are to be sold at his shop on Ludgate hill, at the sign of the Sun, 1650.

THE
MARROW
OF THE MUSES.
OR,
AN EPITOME OF DIVINE POETRIE.

Distilled into [illegible] Propositions,
And [illegible] Syllogisms.

BRITISH MUSEUM

By JEREMIAH RICE.

Imprimatur, JOSEPH CARYL.

LONDON,
Printed by M. S. for JOHN STAFFORD, and are to be sold at his shop on Ludgate hill, at the sign of the Sun, 1650.

To the Honourable, and moſt Excellently well accompliſht, the great Patron of Piety, Example of Valour, and chiefe Aſylum of Learning and Ingenuity;

NATHANIEL RICH, Eſq.

Governour of Deale, Sandowne, and Walmer Caſtles, Major Generall of the South-Eaſterne Parts of ENGLAND, and a Member of the Right Honourable the Houſe of Parliament, my Noble Colonell, &c.



Theſe Poems, being on their march, have rankt themſelves under the Conduct of Your Honours Patronage, which is able to ſcreene them from the Irradiation of Envy,

or the malevolent effects of folly. My first Workes devoted to the Noble Countesse of Warwick, *had the happinesse to kisse your hand, which happinesse gives me a new boldnesse to present this Epitome of divine Poetry, to your gracious protection, that flying through the World under the shadow of your Honors wings, many may read it o're, having the glory to be arest in your Honours Livery.*

I could produce prolixer Arguments to make an Apology for the Poem: indeed I cannot surrender the account of my study more properly to any then to your Honour, to whose Command all my actuall employments are dayly devoted: let this one Reason silence, and supercede the plurality of a longer Prologue. It is requisite I should sometimes waite on your Honour with my Pen, as well as alwaies with my Sword.

As for the Offring it is too meane for so magnificent a favour, your acceptance.

Yet the mightiest Monarchs, amidst their highest triumphs have been sometimes pleased with trifles, and the stateliest Cedars shade

the

the shorteſt shrubs.

But your affable and indulgent Candor being beyond compare, I shall with that great Artiſt Timanthus, *shadow those lineaments my imbecility cannot draw.*

Your Honours goodneſſe is far above your greatneſſe the knowledge of which, forced mee in all humility to tender my winged Pegasus *at your Honours feet, and reſt,*

Your Honours moſt humble
and faithfull Souldier and
Servant, to Command.

Jeremiah Rich.

To the Reader.



ME thinkes 'tis long to morne, ſure *Phœbus* ſhould have brav'd the Aire an houre ago: It cannot be much longer ſure ere darkeneſſe bee downe, and the ſable cloud bee puſt away, that once was ſet round to raine: Oh that the Curtaines of Heaven were drawne, that the Day-ſtar would uſher *Sol* from his bluſhing bed of Roſes, that glorious *Aurora* would open his golden Gates, and let in the winged Chariot of the Day.

Sure it cannot bee long: ſay Reader, art thou ready? I have beate up a Travallee heere, that you may ſtand to your Guard againſt you bee relieved; and like the earely Bell-man, I have given you a midnight Verſe, that your wakefull eyes may welcome in the Morne: Peruſe it gentle Reader, not as men weare powder on their heads, but as the Women that weare their buskes in their boſomes; uſe it not as a Glaſſe to make your

ſelves trim, but as a watch to ſee the ſhortneſſe of time: heere be eight things (in this ſhort Manuell) that offer themſelves to thy view, namely theſe; the evill of envy, the fulneſſe of folly, the continuance of labour, the inconſtancy of love, the proſperity of the wicked; yet the poverty of the world, the vileneſſe of ſome things, and the vanity of all things: Peruſe it not as ſome doe the Rhimes of *Homer*, which turn to the end ere they know the beginning, and paſſe by the leafe before they underſtand a line: Art thou hurryed to horrour? It may bee I have writ that heere that may barricado up the way; peradventure thou art almoſt loſt, and ſomething heere may whiſper thee the way to Heaven, and love may beare thee on his unſeen winges, and lift thee to *Elyſium*; perhaps it is the laſt of my labours, read it before thou rend it, and if the lines deſerve any love, though the Stationer has the profit, let mee have thy prayers, take thy ſelfe the utility, and let Heaven have the glory.

Thine,

JEREMIAH RICH.

A

Ad amicum chariſſimum Dominum RICH, in elucubratiſſima Poemata.

QVis novus hic noſtris hoſpes acceſſerit aris?
Æonidum & tactas mente veavit aquas
Miramur Calamum Richi *chariſſime, dives*
Nomine, at ingenio ditior ipſe tuo.
Cuncta prophanorum ſileant hinc Carmina vatum,
Exemploq; tuo metra ſacrata canent.
Delphica qui ſacro pandis laquearia ſocco
Grandiloquoq; feris Sydera ſumma ſtilo.

E. P.

To his Friend the Authour.

Tam Marte, quam Mercurio.

TIs ſtrange, yet true, that in a twinning breaſt
The *God* of *War* and *Eloquence* ſhould reſt.
Heere *Ajax* and *Ulyſſes* ſtrive againe,
As once for Armes, ſo now for heart and brain.
For he's no *Souldier* that can downe right hit,
Only by ſtrength, and not take aime by wit.
Nor is that *Oratory*, which does ſteep
The *tongue* alone, and leave the *heart* aſleep.
Let the old Stagerite or Galen tell,
In which the principality doth dwell:
Both excellent, and both maintaine their part,
The *brain* pumps forth that which was ſprung in *heart*.
I know not which rules thee: but to us, far
Nobler then *Mercury* is the *god* of *war*:
Yet while his *Oaten Pipe*, or *Phœbus Lire*
Sound with the *Trump*, we ſeem to cool in fire.

D. L. C.

To his ingenious Friend Mr. Jer. Rich, *on his excellent Poems.*

WHat Gueſt approacheth our Altars here, to bring
A Verſe to bleſſe the Helliconian ſpring:
We all (dear *Rich*) admire thy quill; now Fame
Shall with her loudeſt blaſt proclaim thy Name
Unto the World, that Ingenuity
May ſpeake, if there be one ſo *Rich* as thee.
Let Poets Rhime no more, but in thy praiſe,
And ſing by thy example holy Layes: (eares,
While thou with ſweeteſt Rhetorick charm'ſt our
We dream we hear the muſique of the Sphears.

F. Steevens.

To my Worthy Friend, Mr. IEREMIAH RICH, *on his Poem.*

WHat ſtrange Poetick fury does inſpire
Thy towring fancy with ſuch Promethei fire
Able to illuminate the world, and conſtrain
The Muſes to doe homage to thy braine?
Admired *Rich*, ſince every Verſe of thine
Centers in Heaven, and growes thence divine.

L. F.

Ad Amicum Chariſsimum Dom. RICH, in Mellificium Muſarum.

QUis furor Ætheriis accendit Corda favillis?
Quis novus arrepſit per tua Metra Calor?
Ecce tibi Cnuctis Muſarum turba Camœnis,
Aſſurgunt famulis officioſa Choris.
Sed mage Melpomene *dominatrix Carmina geſtit,*
Singultu miſcens gaudia vana pio,
Peccati quæ monſtra domat, dum murmure maſto,
Emollit mentem lacrimulaſq; ciet.
Quam bene Davidicis *calefiunt Pectora ulnis!*
Et reſonant magnum Carmina celſa Polum!
Dum geminos ti Riche *refers virtutibus axes,*
Et Cælum ſpirant, & tua corda ſolum:
Nempe ſimul Terræ mulces ſermonibus aures,
Et ſaltat Cytheræ Calica turba tuæ.

L. M.

To his deare Friend Ier. Rich, on his *Mellificium Musarum.*

NEstor was aged when he undertooke
The Trojan Wars, thou yong and writ this Book:
His age both wit and eloquence required,
Thou yong in yeares, yet hast to that aspired:
'Tis strange, sure all the Muses do agree
In one, in spite of fate to honour thee.
Oh, that our Iron age could be refin'd
To purest gold, that thou reward mightst find
To thy desert; but worth shall make thy Name
Ride through the world upon the wings of Fame.

JOHN AVIS.

The Entertainment.

WAs it a Dreame? or is the world bereaven
Of all her glory? what has the lamps of heaven
Left mortalls in a maze? and are the skies
Orecaſt? will Phœbus blind our darkned eyes?
Are Mars and Juno come to play their parts
Againe on earth, and ſhoot their fiery darts?
The worlds great fabrick ſure will fall in ſunder,
Being rockt ſo often with great cracks of thunder,
In dreadfull war: Riſe Phœb, and come away,
Why haſt thou robd us of ſo fayre a day?

Our Tapours burne but dim, our muſick's ſhrill,
The Poet heere may blunt his idle quill
In writing Tragedies, time changed our ſtage
And turned our golden to an Iron age.

O Lord of glory, beare my dulled Muſe
Through this ſad Poem, and doe thou infuſe
Love in my Lines, and pleaſure in my paine,
That all my labour may not be in vaine.

Guide

Guide me as thou didſt Davids hand, when he
Writ to the world his divine Poetry.
Lift me on Eagles wings that I may flie
Aloft, and conquer death before I die.
Turne Poetry to piety; crowne this ſtory
With grace, and crown my grace with endleſſe glory,
Where everlaſting joy did dwell before
All ages, and ſhall be when time ſhalbe no more.

J. RICH.

The evill of Envy.

In the Example of Caine and Abell, Genesis 4. 8.

I.

GOe pale fac'd wrinkled envy, flye away,
thou can'st too soone t
Goe take thy horrid darknesse and display
above the Moone;
Let not thy shadows dimme our dawning day,
or faireſt Noone;
Because thy tempted Father fell,
What didst thou well,
To eclipse so faire a morne: but born and then rebell?

II.

How soone this bloody Tragedy began
upon our stage,
The day growes darke before the morning Sun
ha's three houres age:

O cursed Caine, *what has thy treachery done*
thy boyling rage,
Because thy sacrifice of sinne did smell:
what? didst thou well,
To kill thy brother too: but born and then rebell?

III.

The night growes horrible, both Sun and Moone
are shadowed o're,
The boysterous whirlewinde now even at high noone
begins to roare:
Now sin hath plaid her part, ah me! how soone
death's at the doore,
Because thou lost thy sacrifice, Oh tell!
what? didst thou well,
To lose high glory too: but born and then rebell?

IV.

What glory didst thou gaine to be so sly
in that foule deed?
Canst thou not live unlesse thy Brother dye?
or must he bleed
Because thou art not blest? harke! vengeance cries
against thy seed:
Thy eares were shut when humble Abell *fell:*
but didst thou well,

To

To ſhut up Heaven to: but born and then rebell?

V.

Thus blinded worldings are you all befool'd
in your falſe aime,
To thinke the fire of envy may be cool'd
in furies flame:
What honour can you boaſt of, if you ſhould
win endleſſe Fame?
This flattring blaſt may blow thee into Hell:
ah! doſt thou will,
To ſell thy heaven for hate: but born and then rebell?

The firſt SOLILOQUIE.

IF love bee the Schoole of Arts, the Modell of Vertue, the Glory of Learning, the Pallace of Pleaſure, the Whetſtone of Memory, the Caſtle of Delight, the Mappe of Honour, the Wonder of the World, the Myſtery of Mortallity, and the Type of Eternity: Then ſurely Envy muſt needs bee the Child of Ignorance, the perſon of idleneſſe, the follower of fooliſhneſſe, the bringer of ſadneſſe; it is a pit of poyſon, a cup of corruption, a part of diviſion, a piece of deluſion, a hell of

horrour, a ſinke of ſinne, a ſea of ſhame, a line of abſurdity, and a blot of deformity: It is attended with contention, with diſtraction, with deluſion, with peeviſhneſſe, with paleneſſe, with falſeneſſe, with faintneſſe, with inconſtancy, with infidelity; it ſhuts mans glory up in darkeneſſe, and makes his memory dye in forgetfulneſſe; it doth eclipſe the cleareſt morne, and writes deformity upon the faireſt brow: He that is a Childe of envy is a burthen to the earth, and an offence to heaven; hee lives unregarded, and dyes unlamented; hee is borne to extremity, and baniſht out of glory.

What my ſon! and what, the ſon of my wombe! and what, the ſon of my vowes! Give not thy ſtrength unto women, nor thy wayes to that which deſtroyeth Kings. *Prov*, 31. 2. 3.

I.

DRaw neare, brave Lovers, you that uſe to light
your blazing Torch in Cupids flame,
That for a wanton Miſtris dare to fight
in face of death, to purchaſe Fame.
And thou that ſweeteſt Rhetorick canſt indite,
To make a timerous Virgin tame;

Come hither if you please
To purchase ease,
View but Loves vanity, twill cure your disease.

II.

Were she more fairer then the blushing morne,
Sweet as the Arabian spice:
Nay were she Vertuous too, and nobly borne,
and pure as high Paradice:
These rarities will leave thee soone forlorne,
and Love will vanish in a trice:
But Gallants if you please
To purchase ease,
View but Loves vanity, twill cure loves disease.

III.

See how victorious Sampson *conquered lies,*
rock'd in his Loves deluding armes;
How gallantly she sings him lullabies,
and drownes his thoughts in Loves dull Charmes!
Poore soule he knows not what conspiracies
his Foes did hold 'gainst him in swarmes:
Ah! had he but addrest
Him to the brest
Of heaven, he might have slept in glorious rest.

IV.

Where is thy strength and daring valour now?

Thy skill and rare agillity?
Thy warlike arme that made whole Armies bow?
what? rock'd upon a Ladies knee?
Wake sluggard, wake; or hast thou past a vow,
to live in infidelity?
Ah foole! go be possest
In Abrahams *brest:*
So mayst thou rest indeed in loves eternall rest.

V.

There mayst thou slumber in eternall joyes,
whose rarity so far excells
Base earth: that all her treasures are but toyes,
whose Alter smokes with fuming smells:
There are no plots, no murthers, no annoyes,
but there the highest glory dwells:
If love thou needst wilt try,
Goe, goe, and lye
In thy sweet Saviours armes, ravish a while and die.

VI.

There is the most resplendent purest love:
alas what constant love is here?
The amorous sweet embraces dwell above,
in Titans *golden Hemisphere,*
Which time, nor fortunes wheele, can ne're remove.

Then

Then art his Darling, he thy Deare:
If love thou needs wilt try,
Goe, goe, and lye
In thy sweet Saviour's armes, ravish a while and die.

The second SOLILOQUIE.

VNconstancy of Earth are all extreame in love, orescorcht in Envy, or led by Folly, or invelloped in Vanity, are drowned in sensuality; the strong man boasts of his strength, the Souldier of his valour, the Schollar of his learning, the Germane gloryes that hee can drinke Wine, the Usurer sacrifices to the god of gold, the Prodigall to his pleasure, and the Lover to his Lady, and of all the rest the last is the most deluded, making his life laborious while hee is tyred with such unacquainted passions: Her frownes or smiles give him an earnest of life or death; hee spends his yeares in disquietnesse, his moneths in frowardnesse, the day in fancies, the night in dreames; hee tyres his passion, corrupts his invention, deludes his affection, disturbes his rest, cracks his braine, wearies his bed, and breakes his sleepe, hee makes earth his heaven, pleasure his paradise, beauty his felicity, and prosperity his glory: Poore soule hee knows

not that bravery is a vanity, that beauty is a vision, and love a deluſion; that as Syrens can inchant, ſo Ladies can allure; that extremity attends prodigallity, and the greateſt temptations the ſtrongeſt affections, that the comlieſt bloſſome is the ſooneſt blaſted, and the ſweeteſt Roſe the quickliest withered: That poyſon lyeth by the ſweeteſt herbe, and death is mingled in the faireſt bait.

The deluded Lover ſtands in his owne light, he puts out his owne eyes, hee ſtoppes his owne eares, hee is cloathed in darkeneſſe, hee wanders in blindneſſe, lives in laſciviouſnes, and dyes in forgetfullneſſe, while theſe poore rarities fanne him with ſilken wings of mildeſt ayre breathed from a whiſpering winde.

Looke back fond Lover, thou ſure haſt dreamed, all paſt is but deluſion, thy ſordid affections deſerve not the name of love, 'tis but a morrall blaze, a piece of humane glory, a glaunce of beauties bravery, a ſparke of Cupids candle, a flame of Vulcans forge, a flaſh of Natures fire, hot in a minute, and cold in a moment.

But Oh Divine Love! how much art thou abuſed? How ſtrongly neglected, who art chiefely to bee beloved?

Thou indeed art a bed of Roſes, a mountaine of Spices, a Garden of ſweetneſſe, a Type of bleſſedneſſe, a Meſſenger of fullneſſe, a Mirrour

of

of faithfullneſſe; with thee there is no reſpect of perſons, nor no regard of places, thou mindeſt not vanity, nor art deceived by folly: Thou ſtriveſt not for honour, thou lookeſt not after gaine, thou thirſteſt not for revenge, but hopeſt all things, believeth all things, indureth all things: Thou filleſt the ſoule with vertue, with vallour, humility, fidelity, love, peace, joy, patience, and perſeverance; thou art hee that preſerveth earth, that guideth the Heavens; and leſt the Univerſe ſhould returne to its firſt Chaos, thou ruleſt the unruly Elements, thou turneſt the ſpheres, and commandeſt the wandring Planets in their ſeveral Orbes: And when thou ſmileſt upon the ſoule, thou makeſt earth reſemble heaven, deformity become purity, and duſt immortallity; how faire and how lovely art thou, oh Love, for delights?

ARe they Miniſters of Chriſt? I ſpeake as a fooole. I am more: in labours more abundant: in ſtripes above meaſure: in priſons more frequent: in deaths oft: Of the Iewes five times received I forty ſtripes ſave one. Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I ſtoned: thrice I ſuffered ſhipwracke: a night and a day I have beene in the deepe. In journeying

ing often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine owne countreymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wildernesse, in perils in the sea, in perils amongst false brethren, in wearinesse and painefulnesse, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fasting often, in cold and nakednesse, 2 Corinthians, chap. 11. vers. 24. 25. 26. 27.

The SOULE.

AND does the pallas of immortall glory
Stand by deaths darkned throne? Is this story
True, that many a fiery dart
Is shot to wound the tyred travellers heart;
And yet before he comes into the armes
Of love, must conquer death, and hells alarms,
Enduring many a storme: oh where is he
That shall arrive at immortalitie?

CHRIST.

What's he that questions heaven, or his power,
And tyes eternity to a short lived houre
By words that darken knowledge? Canst thou tell
His thoughts of love, say mortall doest thou well?
Is mine arme shortned, or do'st thou feare
Mine eare is heavy that it cannot heare?

Or is my truth decayed? Doe I require (the fire,
Fond man, that thou alone shouldst travell through
Except I go before, whose power can tame
The scorching furnace, and the fiery flame:
Have not I power to save, that lockt up hell,
And conquered death? Say mortall dost thou well?
Is man more righteous then his maker? why
Do'st thou then mourne, dry up thy watry eye,
And read thy way to heaven in this story,
Go on, i'le crowne thee with a crowne of glory.

SOULE.

But ah I am intangled in this vale of teares,
While I sit downe in sorrow, numerous feares
Beset me round, such rubs lye in my way,
I looke for deaths embassage every day,
In which my heart is faint, my fears are full,
My faith is feeble, and my senses dull;
And Sathan triumphs, for no power at all
Is in fond man, since his rebellious fall:
How hard a taske, how short a time have wee,
And who can wander to eternitie?
It is enough, oh Lord, thou knowst that I
Am vanity; let me lie down and dye.

CHRIST (eares?

What meane these murm'rings that doe pierce mine
Why (faithlesse soule) art thou so full of feares?
Heaven is not gain'd at every idle breath
Love attends labour, life is gain'd by death:

This

This is a debt, eternity will not passe:
Thy glory (earth) is like the Withering grasse;
Thy soule is too impure, till thou dost pay
That debt. [Soul] *how will mine eys indure this day?*
My soule that once was glorious sin hath stain'd;
My hands are fetter'd and my feet are chain'd.
How black hath horror made my darkned face!
Can Heaven love me now? can he embrace
Me in his Royall armes? can he endure
A soule that's so deform'd, that's so impure?
It is enough, O Lord, thou knowst that I
Am vanity; let me lie downe and dye:
Alas! the least temptation throwes me downe.

CHRIST.

Yet (soule) press forward, thou shalt have a Crowne
Of endlesse Royalty set on thy head,
In a victorious Orb. [Soule] *'Tis true, the dead*
That dye in thee, are happy; they are blest
Indeed: they slumber in eternall rest.
But I that have not strength enough to strive,
Through my disasters; how shall I arrive
At my desired haven, when I read,
'Tis such a difficult way? [Christ] *why I will lead*
Thee through the sea of sorrow, till the Cup
Of wrath is passed ove, I'le beare thee up
In ever lasting armes; do but endeavour
To conquer death, and thou shalt live for ever:

As

As pleaſure, ſo is torment tranſitory:
Strive, and i'le crown thee with a crown of glory.

The third SOLILOQUIE.

YOu trayterous thoughts, aſſault my ſence no more; oh mine eyes; whither doe you wander? to what great ſteppe of pleaſure, to what great pitch of honour, to what illuſtrate ſphere, to what cœleſtiall orbe are you hurried in a diſtracted dreame, while all your golden imaginations vaniſh into aire.

What is the ſilver Mine? what is the golden Ore? what is the worlds dignity? what is beauties rarity? what is the pride of pleaſure? what is a blaſt of honour; the firſt *is* vexation, the ſecond deluſion, the third a diſtraction, the fourth brings the worldling to a fooles paradice, and hee that hath the laſt is but a glorious ſlave.

Mee thinkes as when the Gyants warred againſt heaven, and with their imperious lookes threatned the Palace of Olimpick Jove, till from his golden ſphere hee laſht their folly, and puft out their bravery, by hurling againſt their mountaines haſty thunderbolts from his angry arme: even ſo the worlds Peacocks children of tranſ-

greſſion,

greſſion, ſonnes of Rebellion, the pride of nature, and the ſcorne of art, befooled in folly, beſotted in ſecurity, ſinne in diſpite of heaven, till with his angry breath hee ſweepes them from the world, laying their glory groveling in the ſilent grave.

Poore heaven borne ſoule, no winde blowes faire for thee, but all thy life is a continued ill: thou art borne in a tempeſt, and art hurryed through a ſtorme, while thou wandreſt through this vale of teares, and while thou ſayleſt through this red ſea of ſorrow; ſo have I ſeene a weather-beaten veſſell torne by the fury of the ſurges, toſt from wave to wave, by the confuſed mellody of threatning ſeas, roaring windes, fiery flaſhes, horrid thunder, and the darkened ayre, continually in reſtleſſe motion, ſometimes by an angry billow flung up to heaven, and in a moment plunging downe againe, ſeemes to bee ſwallowed in the furious Ocean; as if nature to ſet forth the rarity of union, who would ſhew to man the harmony of confuſed elements.

Art thou a child of heaven? thou ſhalt bee then a ſonne of ſorrow, thinke not too much to ſuffer, if thou makeſt account to Reigne, if thou wilt have a Crowne of Royalty, be patient in ſuffring adverſity. The way to heaven is through a fiery Lake, thy treaſure ſhalbe torment, thy wealth ſhall be want, thy portion poverty, thy beauty deformity.

deformity. Thy adoption fore-runs thy extremity, and thy conversion is a Prologue to a following Tragedy.

The World indeed is full of deceit, nor will she favour any but her owne, and on them she confers pleasures, and profits, honour, preferment, beauty, glory, wealth, and ease. She sets them on her idle-knee, and charmes the Worldling to a glorious slumber.

While the godly sits all day, dispised, disgrac'd, afflicted, tormented; with his watry eyes bent on the Earth, and his silent groanes piercing heaven: the unfrequented places are his delight, and the melancholliest passions are his best musique: In which the poore soule mutters to himself these, or the like speeches.

SOULE.

Ah me! how am I hurried to and fro in the valley of this shaddow of death? how am I tossed from misery to adversity, from trouble to torment, from temptation to affliction? my life is almost spent: and what will the Lord do with mee? if hee doe with me what he please, if he throw mee into hell, I will lay my hand upon my mouth, and be silent for ever: for I have been unthankfull, unholy, unfruitfull, unprofitable, discourtious, disloyall, ungratious, rebellious.

But will the Lord be angry for ever? and hath

he

hee forgotten to bee gracious, or is his loving kindneſſe quite decayed? My Lord Jeſus Chriſt he is gone to Heaven, where he is crowned in Majeſty and glory, and every day he takes one or another after him. And heere he leaves me to feede on Wormewood, and drinke the poyſon of Aſpes. Alas, poor ſoule, what findeſt thou? what knoweſt thou? what ſeeſt thou, in this vaine world? is not her beauty momentany, and all her glory tranſitory? Why was I borne to be an object of cruelty, a Map of miſery, the mockery of Art, the ſcorne of nature? or being borne, why died I not in my ſad mothers arms?

Well ſoule, lament no more, wait but a while and thy ſorrow ſhall be converted into joy, thy mourning into praiſing, thy emptineſſe into fullneſſe, thy low poverty into high dignity, thy ſhort ſuffering of the worlds hate to the embraces of eternall love, thy time to eternity. thy miſery into glory. Alas! the joy of the wicked is as the thornes in the fire, the bubble in the water, the flowers in the earth, the Clouds in the Aire: they blaze and conſume, they flouriſh and fade, they vaniſh and fly away: but thou for a few angry frownes ſhalt have everlaſting joyes, for earths indignity, ſhalt weare the Robes of Royalty, and for a moments heavineſſe, ſhalt be crowned in eternall happineſſe: Though here thou walkeſt

ſadly, and driveſt on heavily, piercing the aire with thy ſighes, and watering thy cheeks with thy teares; mourning and weeping for the abſence of thy beloved, when he hath withdrawne himſelfe and is gone. Yet hold up thy head with joy, for thy redemption draweth neare.

Thou ſhalt meet him in *Eliſium*, and arme in arme walke through the hallowed Courts, and change a thouſand kiſſes: canſt thou not tarry a little time? canſt thou not perſevere a minute? canſt thou not ſuffer a moment? canſt thou not watch one houre? would it not bee worth thy paines, if after all thy troubles on earth, to arive at heaven? there the poore Pilgrimme may reſt his tyred limbes in the ſweet lullabies of ever bleſſed eternity; where there is joy without ſorrow, health without ſickneſſe, wealth without want, fulneſſe without famine, love without labour, life without death.

Arise my Love, my Dove, my faire one, and come away. Canticles 2. vers. 13.

The AUTHOR.

I.

GOe tired Mariner, go hoyst up sayle,
The weather will no more be contrary;
The Winde blowes prosperous with a pleasant Gale,
The angry aire ne more will vary,
The heavens are faire, thy journey cannot faile:
Up weather-beaten Voyager, why dost tarry?
Where safer? O! where safer canst thou be,
Then in so sweet an arme? soule this is he,
Whose power uncurls the wav's, & calms the furious
(sea.

II.

CHRIST.

Rise Phœb, and come away, the head-strong day
Rides in his glorious Orb, the night is gone,
The flowers appeare, the little Lambes doe play,
And glittering Sol *does kisse the torrid zone,*
The careless wandring flocks are gone astray,
Upon the hills, and love is left alone:

Come

Come lye in my ſoft boſome, where no feare
Can break thy dreame: Why doeſt thou ſlumber here?
Awake my pureſt Love, ariſe my faireſt Deare.

III.

Riſe Phœb', and come away; this Sun-ſhine morn
We'le travell through the faireſt territories,
Where in ſome flowry Garden I'le adorne
Thy brow with love: I'le tell thee what thoſe glories
Are, that crown eternity, I will not ſcorne
To tell my ſuffrings and my paſſion ſtories:
Let me infold thee in my loving armes,
If thou wilt reſt ſecure from numerous harmes:
Ariſe my faireſt dear, love ſtrikes his lowd alarms.

IV.

Riſe Phœb', and come away: how ſweet a ſmell
Comes from th' Arabian hills! my pritty Love,
The little birds warble their muſique well,
And yonder ſits the Larke and turtle dove:
Come, let's goe walke, and we will paralell
Love with eternall glory: in yon Grove
Wee'le take the ſubtle Fox, nor will we ſpare,
To hunt the light foot Deere, or timerous Hare:
Come then my love, my dove, ariſe my faireſt faire.

V.

Riſe, Phœb' and come away: thy blinded eye
Is lul'd to ruine in a ſlumbring dreame:
Why art thou rockt in ſuch a lullaby,
And drown'd in various wanton ſtreames?
Come let us travell to eternity,
And languiſh in the pureſt ſweet extreames:
Wherefore, my deare, ſo greedy doſt thou crowd
To danger? why to darkneſſe doſt thou ſhrowd,
And leave thy love alone, wrapt in a ſable Cloud.

VI.

Riſe Phœb', and come away: thy ſhort Repoſes
Are flattring ſlumbers: leave thy ſlippry hold
Of ſordid earth, come on a bed of Roſes;
Ile knit thy haire in knots of fringed gold;
Wee'le puſſe the flying day in entercloſes
Of deareſt love, with glory uncontrol'd:
I'le teach thee how to ſurfet in the fire
Of loves immortall flames, while ſome deſire,
To ſpẽd their time in praiſ; thou rather ſhalt admire.

VII.

Riſe Phœb', and come away: we'le make great Jove
To

To ſtop his fiery horſes ſwift carere,
Whoſe noſtrills vomit flames: we'le mount above,
And hold the Reines of Titans *hemiſphere,*
And guide his Chariot wheeles through pleaſures grove,
And view the hallowed walks. Come, come my dear,
Lets wander to Elizium, whoſe bright ray
Out-ſhines great Phœbus *in his new born day,*
Or the moſt faireſt noon, riſe Phœb' and come away.

The fourth SOLILOQUIE.

AH! Lord, thou commandeſt us to ſeeke thy face, that we may ſhun death, and yet thou ſayeſt none can ſee thy face and live: Ah! let me live, that I may know thee; or die, that I may ſee thee. It is the happineſſe of thoſe glorious Angels that they continually behold thee, and therefore they incompaſſe thine Altar, with ſweet Odours, unſpeakeable Rhaptures, and high Hallelujah's; but we, poore mortalls, preſt down with ſinne, with guilt, with fleſh, with feare, cannot worthily praiſe thee.

Ah me! why doe I ſeeke thee, If thou beeſt no where abſent? why doe I not finde thee, if thou beeſt every where preſent? ſure to the eye of darkneſſe, thou wrappeſt thy ſelfe in thicke darkenes,

and thou art discovered to the eye that is enlightned, thou art seene in thy power to sinners, in thy terrour to Sathan, in thy Sonne to thy Saints; thou art seene in thy judgement to them that are against thee, in thy Justice to them that flye from thee, in thy Sacraments to them that seeke thee, in thy Lawes to them that love thee, and in thy Love to them that know thee.

Whence proceedeth this thy condiscention, and thine infinite humiliation, that thou didst leave thy Throne in Heaven to live in the forme of a servant on earth? Why didst thou change thy Crowne of Royalty, for a Crowne of Indignity? Why should an infinite Creatour love a finite Creature, and Heaven stoope to Hell?

Alas, oh Lord Jesus, heere was no Royall Throne for thy Majesty, no Glorious Temple to entertaine thee, heere was no winged Cherubins to beare thee, no Armies of Angells to stand before thee, no sweete faced object to delight thine eyes, no musicall Raptures to salute thine eares, no costly odours to annoynt thy feete, nor spangled Canopy to spread over thy head; but sinne and shame, guilt and feare, hell and horrour, blacknesse and darkenesse, extremity, poverty, impurity, deformity; and canst thou love so poore a thing as man, oh thou that inhabitest in Heaven, in light inaccessible, in glory incomprehensible, who canst

with

with a frowne overturne thine enemies fame, and by their ruine purchase thy selfe glory, and if the World should totally revolt from thee, and set her selfe against thee? Couldst thou not command a suddaine clap of thunder to spurne her from her Poles, shake her from her Center, crack her Axeltrees, and breake her Chariot wheeles? Couldst thou not let loose the Elements that the Heavens should bee hid in blackenesse, and the Sunne should bee cloathed in darkenesse, that the Waters should drowne the earth, and the fire should devoure the aire, or with an angry breath couldst thou not puffe them all away, that earth, and ayre, and water, and fire should vanish, and the world should be no more, and in the roome thereof create in a moment to perfect thy praises, ten thousand severall Orbes?

Why then (oh man) art thou so much deluded? Why is Heaven and his sweet invitations so much disregarded? sure there bee foure dayes in which thou wilt call thy selfe foole for neglecting so great salvation: And they be these.

The day of publick calamity.
The day of private extreamity.
The day of death.
The day of doome.

First in the day of publick calamity, if the world should bee governed in blackenesse and darkenesse:

If natures fabrick ſhould bee ſmitten, if the powers of the world ſhould bee ſhaken, if the waters ſhould bee looſed, if the fire ſhould bee kindled, if the ayre ſhould bee infected, if the earth ſhould bee poyſoned, if the ſword ſhould begin to range againe, and thou ſhouldſt ſee thouſands of mangled bodies about the ſtreets; if the trumpets ſhould ſound the alarum of war againe, and the drums beat dolefull funeralls for the ſouldiers, if whiſling bullets and fiery granadoes ſhould fall like haile on the earth, and roare like the thunderclaps in heaven, if every mans ſword ſhould bee ſet againſt his fellow, if the earth ſhould bee paved with dead mens bones, and the channels run downe with blood, if this flouriſhing Kingdome ſhould bee made a burnt offering, & her people lye beeding like a new ſlain ſacrifice; where then couldſt thou finde a chamber to hide thee in, but in thy beloveds armes, and under the ſhaddow of his mighty wings: when the Lord comes to make inquiſition for blood, and his fury ſhall breake out in fiery flames to lick up the ſinners of the world; then will Jeſus Chriſt bee as a ſhadowed grove in a thundering ſtorme, as a cooling rock in a ſcorching day, and a fountaine of water in a weary land, when the worldling ſhall looſe his anchor of hope and ſuffer ſhipwrack, thou ſhalt ſafely bee ſet a ſhoare.

If the famine ſhould run after the ſword, & the ſtouteſt heart ſhould grow faint, and the faireſt face ſhould begin to wax pale becauſe of pining hunger.

If the peſtilence ſhould follow famine, if terrour ſhould walke in darkeneſſe, and the arrowes of the Almighty fly at noone day; if a thouſand ſhould fall on thy right hand, and ten thouſand on thy left hand, and thou beginneſt to feare becauſe of the evill that is come upon the world; who then can protect thee that judgements may not touch thee, but Jeſus Chriſt? Tell mee then, hath hee not cauſe to bee beloved, would hee not bee worthy to bee deſired?

Secondly, in the day of private extremity, when thine eyes ſhall bee opened, and thy heart ſhall bee awaked, when thy minde ſhall bee troubled and thy conſcience tormented, when ſinne and all its terrour ſhall come to make thy life intoller.ble, when the remembrance of thy pollutions ſhall bee bitter to thy ſoule; when thine eyes ſhall bee a flood of teares, thy teares a ſea of ſorrow, thy ſorrow a clog upon thy ſpirit, thy ſpirit a trouble to thy minde, thy minde a torment to thy heart, thy heart an enemy to thy life, thy life a burthen to thy dayes, when thy conſcience ſhall gnaw thee like a ravenous Vulture, and guilt and feare ſhall ſting thee worſe then an Addar, when thou ſhalt ſit downe in ſorrow all the day feeding on wormwood,

wood, and drinking the poyſon of Aſpes; how wilt thou be ready to teare thy ſelfe in pieces, when thou ſhalt feele a little of the weight of ſin, which made thy Saviour groane? when thy heart ſhall be affrighted, and thy minde ſhall be amazed, when Hell is diſcovered, and the Heavens are darkened: then would not that glorious arme that now invites thee, be welcome to thee? nay, would he not be worth a thouſand worlds, that ſhall eaſe the anguish of thy ſoule in ſuch an houre?

Thirdly, at the day of death, thy beloved will be deſired, when the Sunne, and the light, and the Moone, and the Stars, ſhall be darkned; and the clowdes returne after the Raigne; when thy joynts ſhall tremble, and thy knees knock together; when thy courage ſhall be faintneſſe, thy beauty ſhall bee pleneſſe, and thy reſt ſhall bee wearineſſe, when thy memory ſhall faile thee, when thine eyes ſhall deceive thee, when death ſhall ſhake thee, thy riches flye from thee, and the Mourners ſtand about thee; when ſin, and feare, and guilt, and horrour, and death, and terrour, ſhall conduct thee through the gates of mortality, and launch thee forth into the Gulph of eternity; when all about thee ſeeme to daunce around thee in the dance of death: then ſinner ſee in all thy inventory, what wilt thou prize none but Jeſus Chriſt? and welcome Jeſus Chriſt

to

to the ſinner in ſuch a day.

Fourthly, at the day of Judgement, thy Saviour will be welcome, when at the ſound of the trumpet, and the ſhout of the Arch Angell, the ſleeper ſhall be awaked, the world ſhall bee ſtarted, the living ſhall be changed, the graves ſhall be opened, the dead ſhall be raiſed, when the heaven ſhall be covered in thicke darkneſſe, when the Sea ſhall boyle up in ſuch mighty waves, as ſhall ſeeme to drowne the world, when thou ſhalt ſee the earth ſurrounded by fire, and the heavens ſwelting in flames; when thou ſhalt behold the great Judge of the world ſitting upon his glorious throne, borne by winged Cherubins, ſurrounded by Armies of Angells, before whom ſhall ſtand millions of naked mortals to receive their eternall doome: then a ſmile from the Judge on the throne will revive thee at the laſt, and thou wilt hold up thy head with joy; then that arme that now invites thee, will be able to crowne thee in immortallity. Theſe are the foure dayes in which thou wilt repent thy neglect of the proffers of Love.

And now Reader, mayſt thou ſhut the Booke, and ſtand amazed, an howres contemplation upon the thoughts of eternity may well take roome. Ah, that Jeſus Chriſt ſhould come from the boſome of his Father, from the company of his Angels, from the pleaſure of his Paradice, from his

his Chaire of dignity, from his Crowne of glory, to put on mortality, to ſuffer indignity, to live in poverty, to endure extremity, to be a man of ſorrow all his dayes, to be buffeted, ſcourged, perſecuted, tormented, reviled, reproached, diſpiſed, diſgraced, diſparaged, and abuſed from his cradle to his Croſſe, and then wander through the ſhaddow of death, and hells darke groves, from his Croſſe to his Crowne! How ſoone (when the Heire of heaven was ſmitten) was natures Fabrick ſhaken? how ſoone (when the Sunne of glory was extinguiſhed) was the Sunne of Heaven eclipſed? What meanes the Heavens to frowne, the Earth to quake, the Souldiers to tremble, the Temple to rend, the Graves to open, the Dead to ariſe? Why muſt Heaven bee faine to ſuffer, and Natures Fabrick bee out of order? Was all this for man? Alas! and what is man? A little mouldring duſt, a piece of moving earth, a maske of mortallity, an inch of eternity, whoſe life is but labour, whoſe wiſdome is but folly, whoſe grace is but impurity, whoſe comelyneſſe deformity, whoſe ſubſtance is ſinne, whoſe glory is his ſhame.

Say Reader, didſt thou ever ſee Royalty wooe Indignity, Honour looke on Lowneſſe, Highneſſe ſue to Baſeneſſe? Didſt thou ever ſee a King ſerve a Slave, Gentility wooe Poverty, and Beauty love

Deformi-

Deformity? Then Reader recollect thy wandring thoughts, and before thou passest to the other page pay here the tribute of a teare.

How hath the Prince of darkenesse besotted blinded mortalls? How is man (poore man) befooled? How doth hee sell his Corne for Chaffe, his Silver for Drosse, his Treasure for Torment, his Paradice for Pleasure, his Glory for Honour, his Heaven for Earth, his Earth for Hell? How doth hee set his heart on vanity, and slights the richest rarity? God calls once and twice, and the carnall heart heares not: hee comes with all the purest expressions, and sweetest invitations, with all the words of Art, and the allurements of love, yet blinded man regards not, but wallowes in impurity, and slumbers in a lethargy, till hee perishes to eternity.

Ah Lord, thou dwellest in that light inaccessible, and brightnesse incomprehensible, that no eye can see, and not be struck blind; thy glorious Pallace stands in eternity, and thy sparkling Throne is scituate in immortallity, in the midst of brightnesse in such a circle of glory, that no mortall can behold unlesse hee drop downe and dye.

Dominion and feare are with thee, and of thy Government there shall bee no end: What gaine is it to thee if wee bee Righteous, and wherein art thou damaged, if wee bee polluted?

If

If the world should revolt from the Prince of darkenesse, and vaile her Crowne to thy Supreamacy: If all Nations should bee willing to bee swayed by the Scepter, and bow before thy immortall Throne, this cannot adde to the greatnesse of thy Majesty; nor if the disobedience of thy Children, the frownes of thy Foes, the envy of thy Enemies, the subtilty of Sathan, the wickednesse of the World, the helpe of Hell, were against thee set in battle Ray, they could not darken thy Dignity, they could not eclipse thy Glory.

Yet albeit thou couldst gaine honour by our destruction, yet thou delightest in our conversion: and therefore thou offerest thy Word, thy Gospel, thy Sacrament, thy selfe and thy sonne; thou givest us Reprovements, Allurements, Precepts, and Promises, Comfort, and Counsell, Direction, Dehortation: But wee poore mortalls are too unkinde to reward thy love with disdaine, thy curtesie with disloyalty; but what shall wee say? Shall wee that are but dust direct Eternity in his unsearcheable actions? Thou commandest us to seeke thee: Alas, wee cannot finde thee: Thou bidst us apply our selves to know thee; Alas, we never saw thee: Thou bidst us bee fruitfull, and we be unprofitable; thou commandest us to bee cleansed, and wee be polluted; when our eyes should be enlightned, then our hearts are most

darkened

darkened; when we should be most washed, then are we most defiled; and when thou callest us to thee, even then we fly from thee: Wee lost our dignitie when our Father *Adam* lost his glory; he breaking his League with Heaven, left us (his poore children) nothing but our mother, Earth, who rocks us a while upon her idle knee of ignorance, and then layes us to lullaby in eternall darkenesse. Yet though wee have lost a Subjects loyalty, thou hast not lost thy kingly dignity; thou still retainest thy prerogative Royall; yea Lord, thou still hast power to command, though we (poore we) have no ability to obey. Oh that thou wouldst, instead of commanding us, compell us! Oh thou that bidst us follow thee, draw us, and we shall run after thee! Oh thou that commandest us to seeke thee, shew thy selfe that wee may finde thee: so, though the world lies drowned in a sea of vanity, yet we that follow thee shall live holily, and dye happily: forasmuch as our happinesse is wrapt up in heaven, and dwells in the light of thy glory.

Isaiah

Now will I sing a Song to my welbeloved, touching his Vineyard: my welbeloved hath a Vineyard in a very fruitfull hill. And he fenced it, and gathered out the stones thereof, and planted it with the choycest Vine, and built a Tower in the midst of it, and also made a Winepresse therein: and he looked it should bring forth Grapes, and it brought forth wilde Grapes. Isa. 5. v. 1, 2.

I.

NO more,
Deluded England, foole thy self no more,
But goe implore
The heavens to ope thy dim and slumbring eyes:
No more,
Let blinde delusion keep thee shadowed ore,
And make thee soare
Too high in Wanton pleasures rarities:
Ah sin! thou oft dost mix our sweets with sowre:
Thou mak'st a Judgement in a short liv'd houre,
To blast the purest herb, and crop the fairest flower
Away

II.

Away,
Deluded England, with thy workes, away;
A new-borne Ray
Begins to dawne, and glorifie the aire:
Away,
Thou art discover'd poore: can miry clay
find power to pay
Peace offrings? no, thou art more foule then faire:
The fig-tree brought forth leaves; but we know who
Did blast her: is this all that thou canst doe?
Go vail thy Crown in dust, least thou be'st withred too.

III.

Sit downe
Ye glorious stars, goe, in the dust sit downe,
Whose glory shone,
Sometimes like Phœbus *with his glittering traine:*
Sit downe
In silent sorrow, goe and quench the frowne
Of heaven, thy Crowne
Being vail'd, then shalt thou wear the Crown again:
Why are we thus befool'd and do not cry,
To be transplanted? Ah Reader! thou and I,
Whose branch is withred here, may soon lie down & die

IV.

How soone,
Oh flourishing England! didst thou swell? how soon
Thy fairest noone
Was darkned o're, and turn'd a glimmering day!
How soone
Thou didst grow glorious, prodigall, and boone!
As the pale Moone,
In her blacke throne bids Phœbus *flye away:*
Oh if thou wilt have justice to reprieve thee;
If still thou wouldst have mercy to releive thee,
Trust not thy hollow self, thy self will but deceive thee.

V.

Arise,
Oh then! and ope thy unregenerate eyes;
How faire a prize
Is there layd up in everlasting glorie:
Arise,
And be adorned in vertues rarities,
whose glory lies
Drawne in the Records of this following story:
But if thy actions shall be still but vaine,
Led by the folly of a light haird braine,
Thou wilt be trampled down, and withered ere again.

Then

VI.

Then ſhine,
For feare thy glimmering torch her light reſigne,
And thou decline
From thy firſt glory to a darkned ſhade;
Then ſhine,
Like Phœbus *in the Equinoctiall line,*
With fire divine,
Leaſt thou art blaſted and thy flower does fade,
So ſhalt thou flowriſh in th' enlarged ſtore
Of wealth and Peace, thy temples arched o're,
In a victorious Orb, and war ſhall be no more.

The fift SOLILOQUIE.

A Gloomy Cloud may black the faireſt Morne, till *Phœbus* ariſeth in his midday Majeſty, and with his glory cleares the darkned Aire, when times black Daughter Night have wrapt her mantle about the virge of day, and drowned the World in a forgotten dreame; all things ſeeme alike to all, the withered Weede, the pureſt Herbe, the comlieſt Bloſſome, and the faireſt flower: But when the day ſtarre appeares, uſhering in the morne, and bluſhing *Sol* ariſes as from a bed of

Roſes, whoſe burning Horſes chafe up the Olympick hill, and with their fiery fetlocks draw up the Golden Chariot of the day, the World lyes then diſcovered.

Even thus the Goſpel of our Lord Jeſus haveing unmantled his glory from behinde a darkened cloud, ſhining in full Majeſty, diſcovers the errours of our lower World; but becauſe time will bee too ſhort to ſerve our turne, and wee ſhall tyre the Readers eyes with too large a Soliloquie: wee ſhall therefore looke upon but the latter part of our ſubject: And firſt by the Vine wee can onely underſtand the Church of God, and then our ſubject will lye as a ſtumbling block in the Readers way; this ſeemes to bee ſtrange (ſay ſome) that the Church of God ſhould bee a fruitleſſe Vine: No, this Vine beares pleaſant fruit, yet there are many worthleſſe Branches that ſprout among them bearing great ſhow, but little ſubſtance; but when the wiſe Husbandman ſhall loppe them off, the Branches that remaine ſhall ſprout higher, the fruit ſhall bee the ſweeter, and the Vine ſhall flouriſh the more.

And firſt wee ſhall endeavour to diſcover eight ſorts of Branches that will bee cut from the Vine: And they be theſe.

1. The Adulterer.
2. The Drunkard.

3. The

3. The Robber.
4. The Lyar.
5. The Sabboth-breaker.
6. The Swearer.
7. The Usurer.
8. The Hypocrite.

First the Adulterer is a barren branch and shall bee cut off. Thou Adulterer whose blood boyles in thy vaines, and thy marrow is burnt in thy bones, who art scorched in fire, and sweltred in flames, who swimmest in vanity, and art drowned in a forgotten Dreame; thy Morning is risen, and thy Sunne hath aspired to the top of Noone-day; thou seemest to ride upon the wings of Time, commanding Pleasure as if shee were thy Captive; Come wee will take a short survey of thy life, which if the Scripture deceives us not, is but the way to death.

For at the window of my house I looked through my casement, and beheld among the simple ones, I discerned among the youth, a young man void of understanding, passing through the streete neere her corner, and hee went the way to her house, in the twilight in the evening, in the blacke and darke night: and behold, there met him a woman, with the attire of an

Harlot, and ſubtle of heart. (She is lowd and ſtubborne, her feet abide not in her houſe: Now is ſhe without, now in the ſtreets, and lieth in waite at every corner.) So ſhe caught him: and kiſſed him, and with an impudent face, ſaid unto him, I have peace offerings with me: this day have I payd my vowes. Therefore came I forth to meet thee, diligently to ſeek thy face, and I have found thee. I have deckt my bed with coverings of Tapeſtry, with carved workes, with fine linnen of Egypt. I have perfumed my bed with myrrhe, aloes, and cynamon. Come, let us take our fill of love untill the morning, let us ſolace our ſelves with loves. For the good man is not at home, he is gone a long journey. Proverbs 7. verſ. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19.

But what is the end of all this? if we look on the end of the chapter, we ſhall ſee the end of the Adulterer: *Her houſe is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death*, verſe 27. Thou doſt not dreame thou ſhalt be blaſted; I tell thee, ere long thou ſhalt be lopt off, and flung into eternity: I grant thou haſt aſpired to the top of thy Olympick Palace; but thou ſhalt ſhortly fall: thy life hath been

beene (at beſt) but a Tragicomedy, and thou haſt acted the fools part with pleaſure: but I tell thee, death ere long ſhall ſtrike the Epilogue, and thou ſhalt goe away.

Secondly, the Drunkard is a barren Branch.

Woe to the crowne of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whoſe glorious beauty is a fading flowre, which are on the head of the fat valleyes of them that are overcome with Wine. Iaiah 28. verſ. 1.

Thou Drunkard that carowſeſt care away, and on thy Ale-bench, blaſphemeſt the God of Heaven, that takeſt no felicity but in ſwinish company, and knoweſt no other happines, but the colour of the wine; thou burdeneſt the earth, thou inflameſt the fire, thou infecteſt the aire, thou art as a flowre drowned with the dew of Heaven, and boweſt thy glory to the earth: goe drunkard, take thy fill of Wine untill the morning: but I tell thee, the houre is comming, when (it may be) the hand of Heaven ſhall write thy doom upon the plaiſter of the wall, *Daniell* 5. 25, 26. ere long thou mayſt Read MENE MENE TEKEL UPHARSIN: God hath numbred thy dayes and finisht them, and being found

too light, thy glory is departed from thee: then shall thy loynes be loosed, thy countenance changed, and thy false heart affrighted: thou that drinkest iniquity like water, I tell thee, ere long thou shalt wash thy selfe away; thy fruit is already withered, and thou shalt be lopt from the Vine.

Thirdly, the Robber is a barren Branch, *Leviticus* 19. *vers.* 11.

Thou that by the Art of Leger-de-maine adoptest every mans goods thine owne, I know thou wouldst have joy without sorrow, wealth without want, fruit without faith, and life without death: but remember, the pitcher at last comes broken home. *There is a way seemes right in the eyes of man, but the end thereof is the path of death.* Proverbs 14. vers. 12.

What though thou hast wheel'd off fairly once, or twice, or thrice? yet thou shalt shortly fall: *Agememnon* after all his 10 yeares wars at *Troy*, was slain in one night among his freinds at *Greece*. The valiant *Hector*, whose temples were so often archt in a victorious Orbe, while he was quitting his Countrey with gallantry, and affronting his enemies in the height of bravery, received (in a moment) the Embassage of death: and upon the ground measured out his grave. The mighty *Achilles*, whose arme seemed a Postilion of death.

was slaine at last by a little winged Arrow, and sent to his long home.

Tell me, thou that canst draw thy sword, and bid defiance (upon the high way) to truth and fidelity, where lies thy brother *Caine*, or *Achan*, or *Judas*, or *Ahab*? does not their glory grovill in the ground? or are they not sweltring in eternall flames? It may be thou hast endured many a blast: but there may come a blast ere long that may puffe thee quite away. Thou that art acquainted with the Law so well, that thou canst sometimes confute the Reverend Judges, and yet performest never a tittle thereof; believe mee, thou canst not plead with death: hee will come with a *Habeas corpus*, and remove thee to eternity: Forasmuch as thou art found unfruitfull in the Vineyard, thou shalt be cut from the Vine, and have thy portion in that lake of terrour, where time shall be no more.

Fourthly, the lyar is a barren Branch. *Leviticus 19. vers. 11.*

Why boastest thou thy selfe in mischiefe, O mighty man? the goodnesse of God endureth continually. Thy tongue deviseth mischiefes: like a sharpe rasor working deceitfully. Thou lovest evill more then good: and lying rather

then

then to speake righteousnesse. Selah. Thou *lovest all devouring words, O thou deceitfull tongue. God shall likewise destroy thee for ever, he shall take thee away, and pluck thee out of thy dwelling place, and root thee out of the Land of the living.* Psalme 52 vers. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

Thou that so oft dost call the God of heaven (who is truth it selfe) to witnesse to a lie: tell me thou sordid peece of earth? canst thou blinde the eies of heaven? or canst thou draw a curtaine before the face of the most high? does not his eie see thee? does not his eare heare thee? does not his heart ponder thy waies? tell me? is he excluded any where, that can be comprehended no where? if thou goest to heaven, he is there; if downe to hell, he is there; if thou take the wings of the morning, and flye to the uttermost parts of the earth, from thence the hand of God shall find thee out. Come thou lyar, Read the story of *Ananias* and *Sapphira, Acts* 5. *vers.* 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8, 9,10. The tree withers soone away that is perisht at the Root, and thou shalt shortly fall, who art rotten at the heart: Alas, thou art nothing but a walking shaddow, a guilded peece of aire, whose wealth is but poverty, whose bravery but vanity,

whose

whose truth infidelity, and thou shalt ere long be shut out of eternity. *Revelation* 22. *vers.* 15. thy present tense ere long shalbe made a preterimperfect tense; and it shall shortly be said of thee, he was, and is not; yet a little while, and thou shalt be no more, but shalt fade as the withering grasse, and wither as the dying flowre.

Fifthly, the Sabbath breaker is a barren Branch.

Ye shall keep my Sabbath therefore, for it is holy unto you: every one that breaketh it shall be cut off from among his people: for whosoever doth any worke therein, that soule shall surely be put to death. Six dayes may worke be done, but the seventh day is the Sabbath of rest, holy to the Lord: whosoever doth any worke therein shall surely be put to death. Wherefore the Children of Israell shall keep the Sabbath to observe the Sabbath throughout their generations, for a perpetuall memory. It is a Covenant between me and the Children of Israel for ever: for in six dayes the Lord made heaven and earth, and on the seventh day he rested, and was refreshed. Exod. 31. vers. 13, 14, 15, 16, 17.

Come

Come thou prophane Sabbath breaker, thou findeſt fault of the ſhortneſſe of thy time: I tell thee ere long thy time ſhall be cut away; the candle thou now doſt waſte in pleaſure, thou wilt hereafter begge to ſpend in prayer: what (thou wretch) if thy God had required ſix dayes in the weeke to ſanctifie his name, and celebrate his praiſe? how wouldeſt thou have done, that if thou canſt not give him one in ſeven? Goe ſordid earth, imbalme thy ſelf in tears; thou knoweſt not what felicity the godly take in this dayes progreſſe, while they travell through the cœleſtiall Groves, and while they wander through the faire *Elizium* walkes; aſpiring beyond the reach of this unworthy earth, to change their hourely entercourſe of love with Heaven, whoſe ſervice is perfect freedome, redemption from ſlavery, and a path way to glory: every dayes progreſſe ſends thee nearer to eternity, and thou makeſt but a few Sabbath dayes journey towards Heaven: why tell me? whither doeſt thou wander? Is it becauſe there is no God in Iſrael, that thou ſerveſt the god of *Ekron*? or becauſe thou haſt dined on earth, wilt thou now goe ſup in hell? away blind man, thou runneſt to thy ruine: retire a while to thy forgotten ſelfe, and reckon how faſt thy winged houres flie away.

Ah Lord! thy Sabbaths in former ages have been

been celebrated to thy praiſe, when thy people ſpake often one to another to thy glory, when the morning ſtarres ſang together, and all the ſonnes of God ſhouted for joy; thy Saints in former ages (upon thy holy day) have met to offer up their perfumed oblations, and dayly ſacrifices to thee who dwelleſt between the Cherubins: but now the beauty of Iſraell is gone from the high places; Oh how are the mighty falne! tell mee thou wretch that ſayeſt, when will the Sabbath be over, that we may ſell our Corne, and Wine, and Oyle, that we may put on our gallant apparrell, and heape up bags of gold? what gaine is in riches, what beauty in bravery, what profit in pleaſure, what glory in honour? thy richesare but poverty, thy beauty deformity, thy pleaſure a penalty, thine honour ſlavery; therefore foole thy ſelfe no more, by omitting thy duty, and robbing heaven of his glory, leſt thou beeſt ſtrucke with leaproſie like *Miriam*, leſt thou beeſt ſwallowed up like *Corah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, leſt thou art conſumed with fire like the ſonnes of *Aron*, leſt thou haſt a ſhower of ſtones like *Akan*, or art ſhot with an arrow from heaven like *Julian*, leſt thou beeſt lopt from the Vine, and cut from the earth, and ſhut out of Heaven, and flung into Hell, leſt thy poſſeſſion be made a deſolation, and thy memory periſh from the earth for want of a memory.

Sixthly,

Sixthly, the ſwearer is a barren Branch.

Ye ſhall not ſweare by my Name falſly, neither ſhalt thou prophane the name of thy God: I am the Lord. Levit. 19. verſ. 12.

Thou prophane Wretch, that with thy breath infecteſt the aire, and with thy body burdeneſt the earth, and with thy heart doſt blaſpheme heaven, what became of the prophane *Rabſhekah*, or the blaſphemous *Senacherib*, that with their tongues ſounded ſuch thunderclaps in fearefull Iſraells eares? but when their lips upbraided the God of Heaven, how ſoon did he bow their proud imperious necks, and layd their glory groveling in the ground: thou black mouth'd ſwearer, that with a flaſh of Oathes doeſt exalt thy ſelfe to Heaven; I tell thee ere long thou ſhalt be ſpurned downe to Hell: thy life ſeemes yet a merry Comedy, but thou knoweſt not how ſoone thou ſhalt ſpeake the laſt ſceane, which being done, thou ſhalt *exit*, to the attiring roome of earth, and undreſſe thee in the ſilent grave: thou foule mouth'd ſwearer, thou faine wouldſt be accounted a Chriſtian, yet liveſt more deboyſter then the Heathen. Come if thou art a Chriſtian, trye thy Copy by thy Saviours Preſident, and ſee how thou obeyeſt his command.

But I say unto you, sweare not at all, neither by Heaven, for it is Gods throne: nor by earth, for it is his footstoole: nether by Hierusalem, for it is the City of the great King. Neither shalt thou sweare by thy head, because thou canst not make one haire white, or blacke. But let your communication be Yea, yea: Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more then these, commeth of evill. Matthew 5. vers. 34,35,36, 37.

Poore man, thou art so far from dishonouring thy God by this, that by thy Ruine he will purchase himselfe glory: as the Traveller that spits against the winde, hath it blowne in his face; so thou that with thy breath blasphemest heaven, blowest but the fire of Hell, which shall torment thee to eternity: thou that dost waste thy time in trifles, and thy dayes in a dreame, thou art at the best but a piece of perjury, and a flash of vanity, that walkest by the light of thine owne fire, and the sparkes thou hast kindled. This is the portion thou shalt have from the hand of Heaven, thou shalt lie downe in sorrow.

Seventhly, the covetous man is a barren Branch, and shall be cut from the Vine.

What's

What's hee that so prophanes all purity, and scornes the power that others doe adore; that curseth his Tapour for burning so fast, his provision for spending too soone, his houres for flying too swift, and his purse for filling too slow? Thou groveling worldling, that Viper-like, doest teare thy Mothers wombe, and offerest sacrifice to the god of gold, that art as politick as *Achitophell*, as proud as painted *Jezebell*, as churlish as *Naball*, as swift as *Asahell*; hadst thou the pollicy of *Vlysses*, the strength of *Hercules*, the beauty of *Adonis*, the wealth of great *Nilus*, or the gold of rich *Tagus*: thou art but a house of clay, and thy foundation is in the Dust. *Nevertheless man being in honour abideth not: he is like the beasts that perish.* Psalme 49. verse 12.

The time is comming when delicates shall not be delightfull, life shall not be desirable, pleasure shall be painefull, Riches unprofitable, death unavoydable, and eternity most terrible: when thou shalt finde evidences enough for earth, but no assurance for Heaven: then it may be thou wouldst give ten thousand pounds for a share in Jesus Christ, but Jesus Christ makes no such bargaine. *Dives* had not been in Hell, if his money would have purchast heaven: but then thy Riches shall take to themselves wings and flye away: thou knowest not how soone thou mayest come to thy

journey

journeyes end ; when thou ſhalt bee depoſed from thy glory like *Nebuchadnezar*, *Dan.* 4 30. or ſlaine in the midſt of thy gold and mirth, like drunken *Belſhazzar*, or lye in the cold like poore *Lazarus*, or bee kickt into Hell like rich *Dives*; go view the Monuments of thy Fathers : where lyes the Crowne of *Shyhon*, King of the Amorites, and *Ogge* the King of Baſhan ? Where bee the Perizites, the Jebuſites, or the Children of the Eaſt, or *Zeba*, or *Zelmunna* ? Where is the Towet of Babylon, the (ſometimes) glorious Caanan, the wavering Ægyptians, the warlick Philiſtines? Doe not they ſleepe in the duſt ? Thou knoweſt not how ſoone thou mayeſt bee gathered to thy Fathers.

The Earth in the Spring time puts on her mantle of greene to entertaine her Lover *Phœbus* ; but when the golden Chariot of the Sunne is fled to the Southerne World, the Earth puts on her mourning withered weede, the Moone ſhines fairely for ſome certaine nights ; but when time hath turned her from her ſilver throne, ſhee reſignes her glory to the following day : The blazing candle for a time ſhines cleare, but having paſt the age of a ſhort lived houre, it glimmers a while and dyes ; the glorious Lilly that is dreſt in ſuch bravery, is in a day diſroabed of its glory, and turned to withered Hay ; there is no ſuch thing as a

continuance heere; though thou flourish like a greene Bay-tree, yet thou shalt perish like a withered weede.

For evill doers shall bee cut off: but those that waite upon the Lord, they shall inherite the Earth. For yet a little while, and the wicked shall not bee: yea thou shalt diligently consider his place, and it shall not be. Ps. 37. v. 9. 10.

Eightly, the hypocrite is a barren branch.

Go march among thy fellowes painted earth, and then sometimes retreate, and yet march on againe, thou lookest indeede to Heaven, but thou travellest to Hell: Go on, yet know false *Absolon*, 'tis not thy beauty that can save thee; no, *Judas*, 'tis not a dissembling kisse shall secure thee; no, *Simon Magus*, 'tis not thy money shall redeeme thee, thou art as various as the windes, as dissembling as the seas, as deceitfull as the grave, as darke as hell, as vile as villany, as graceless as impurity, and as black as horrour can see it selfe in the blackest glasse: Thou washest thy hands indeed, but thy heart is defiled, thou trimmest thy body, but thy soule is deformed, honey indeede is in thy lips, but thy tongue is poysoned; well, foole thy selfe no more, though thou doest blinde the World, thou canst not hide thy selfe from Heaven.

Psalm.

Psalm. 94. 8. 9. 10. *Hee that planted the eare, shall hee not heare? Hee that formed the eye, shall hee not see? Oh yee fooles when will yee bee wise? Hee that teacheth man knowleage, shall hee not know?* Though thou hast the speech of *Jacob*, thou hast the hands of *Esau*, thou hast the devotion of *Abel*, but the dissimulation of *Achitophel*, the mantle of *Elias*, but the hypocrisie of *Jnaas*, thou hast fidelity in thy wordes, but impurity in thy deeds, a heaven in thy mouth, but a hell in thy heart, and though thou do'st prosper while blinded man adores thee, yet thou shalt perish when God shall come to judge thee: It is not thy smooth language, nor thy Syrean tongue can take in Heavens eares; no, 'tis not a painted face, nor a garment of gold that dazeleth Christs eyes, that did delude the yong man, that *Solomon* entitles foole, *Prov. 7 vers.* 8. 'Tis thy heart that God pondereth, and as the Sunne of Heaven will show thee the foulenesse of the house; so the Sonne of glory with his all descerning eye, will soone discover the blackness of the heart, though to the world thou seemest a piece of purity, a flash of fidelity, a glorious star, a glittring spheare; yet to Heavens eye thou wilt appeare but an Heire of Hell, a childe of darkenesse, a servant of sinne, a sonne of shame; and thou that hast so often deluded others in thy life, shalt deceive thy self at

thy death, and thy departing soule shall but exchange misery for mortallity, though (by thy actions) the deluded world shall thinke thou art transported into glory.

And shall our story have a period heere? And shall wee vaile our subject with a blanck? Shall wee present to the Reader the black and darke night, and draw a Curtaine before the shining day? Shall wee discover the barren branches that are in the Vineyard, and wrap a black cloud about the lofty flourisht Vine? No, though many have the marke of the Beast, yet some are loyall to the Lambe, though there bee thousands doe bow their knees to Baall: Yet there is a remnant doe humble their hearts to heaven, though there bee a seed of falling *Adam*, yet there is a generation of faithfull *Abraham*, though many are not Israelits, yet all are not Sodomites; among the thousands that shall perish, there is a remnant that shall flourish, whose united beauty shall make one glorious body: And this is shee that looketh forth as the Morning, faire as the Moone, cleare as the Sunne, terrible as an Army with Banners, *Cantic. 6. verf.* 10. whose heroicke heads looke higher then this inferior World, who are not drowned in the dirt of earth, but watered with the dew of Heaven, who are not branches of infamy, but clusters layd up to inherite glory: And indeed believers

you have done well while you have made so faire a choyce, though you suffer here a little paine, hereafter you shall have endlesse pleasure, though ye have had a time of heavinesse, ye shall have heereafter eternall happynesse, though ye have had tokens of infamy, yee shall bee adorned with Robes of glory, though you have beene acquainted with the terrour of the Crosse yee shall bee requited with the glory of the Crowne: Alas, how momentany are the pleasures of the World? What is heere to bee desired? Nay, rather what is there not heere that may well be quickly loathed? Is it honour? That is but a blast that will deceive thee: Is it dignity? That is but a dreame that will delude thee: Is it beauty? That is but a shaddow that will inslave thee; Is it credit? That is but flattery that will befoole thee: Is it wealth? That will take wings and quickly flye from thee.

Come then let us get up early in the Vineyards: Let us see if the Vine flourish, if the tender Grapes appeare, or the Pomgranats bud forth. Can. 2.

I am sure if the hand that planted you did not protect you, your fruit would bee blasted, and

your blossome would bee withered: How soone would your honour turne to disgrace, your credit to shame, your beauty into vanity, your affection to delusion, your winde of wealth to a weather-cock of woe, your full sea of plenty to an ebbing tide of poverty? Did not the Vine flourish? How soone would you poore branches perish? Did not the head finde power to stand, how soone would you the weaker members fall?

I thinke the World can better subsist without the Sunne, then you without a Saviour; if the Sunne were gone, would not the forsaken Universe put on a mantle of mourning? Would not the World returne to her first confused Chaos? Would not all our Chariot wheeles drive on heavily? Would not our actions prosper slowly? The Philosophers say wee are beholding to the Sunne for all secondary causes: and Divines affirme wee are ingaged to our Saviour for his secret cares, while you bring forth the fruits of the spirit, which is not Rebellion, but Humiliation, not expressions, but Actions, not Chaffe, but Wheate, not Pibbles, but Pearles, not Leaves, but Fruit, not Drosse, but Gold: I meane Unity, Fidelity, Meekenesse, long suffering, Patience, and Perseverance; ye shall have a shield to save you, a chamber to hide you, an arme to protect you, a Fountaine to coole you, and a Rock to over-

shaddow

shaddow you, and a Pillar of fire to guide you, while you travell through the vally of the shaddow of death, and while you are sayling through the red sea of sorrow.

In that day, sing yee unto her: A Vineyard of red Wine. I the Lord doe keepe it; I will water it every morning, lest any hurt it, I will keepe it night and day. Isa.27.v.2,3.

Thus were you not protected alas, how soone would you bee destroyed? How weake would bee your strength? How strong your weakenesse? How soone would your persons bee abused, your sence deceived, your wills corrupted, your apprehensions deluded, your constancy contemned, and your fidelity befooled?

But now had I a quill snatcht from the lofty Eagles wings, or were my inke distilled from Gold; had I the Curiosity of *Cleo*, the Learning of *Plato*, the Poetry of *Apollo*, the Eloquence of *Cicero*, or the Love of Queene *Dido*: I should rather darken their Dignity, then illustrate their Royalty.

I thinke Readers I must deceive you all, and shut the Booke, and make an end of my subject; for hee that will speake of the worth of a Picture

must himselfe bee a Painter; so hee that will discourse of the Saints dignity, must himselfe bee wrapt first in the Pallace of high glory; this onely may suffice, they shall have wealth without want, purity without perjury, health without sickneſſe, wisdome without folly, life without mortallity, there shall they have eternity for time, glory for indignity, a Crowne for a Crosse, and a Kingdome with a Crowne: But since the heart is too narrow to conceive it, it is unlawfull for the tongue to utter it, 2 *Cor.* 12. *ver.* 4.

Thus are wee forced to draw a Curtaine about our subject, and hide our glorious sceane, and because wee dare not speake of such a price, silence shall now bee the Epilogue of the Play.

How lovely lookt the Sonne of Glory in our terestiall spheare, earth was too unworthy to bee possest of such a glorious guest, how powerfull was that tongue, that with a short command could dispossesse the divel, & make his enemies in a moment drop downe and dye, that could give feete to the lame, eyes to the blinde, health to the sick, salvation to sinners, and life to death? How did his lips our passe the sweete lipt orator, while in sundry places hee poured forth the sweetest words that Art or Love could frame, enough to melt the beholders hearts, and charme the hearers eares? How full of sweetnesse is that bosome that was wounded

ded with a speare; I thinke Love lay there intomb'd, having power enough to bring the lost soule to seeke for sanctuary in his circled armes: how full of comlinesse was that face that so often was hit with the blowes of scorne, and flurts of disdaine? that head, the fountaine of knowledge, that was crowned with the thornes, had power enough, by wisedome, to controle the world. How full of Majesty were those faire eyes that so often were drowned in silent teares?

Had the ungratefull world no better entertainment for so Royall a babe, but must mantle him in a Manger, and from his Cradle hurry him to his Crosse. Ah man! how obdurate was thy heart to him that was as kinde as heaven: well mayest thou cast dust on thy head since thou art so foule in thy heart: goe, weep thy selfe away: goe, goe, be sad all mortalls; let your downe cast eyes present a silent sorrow; let your dayes be as darke as the silent grave, as when the eclipsed Sunne leaves the world in a mist, or the angry aire covers heavens glory in a sable Cloud: let every mortall mourn, and be like a monument cut out of marble.

But is it so, that Jesus Christ is the Vine, and that so many of the branches shall be cut off? then our subject sounds an alarum in the eares of all mortals, and bids the Inhabitants of the world looke about them: Is it so that none but the ingrafted

grafted Members shall stand, and the others fall? then this tels us that your condition is not so good as you imagine: if those that seeme to be Members shall be cut away, what shall be done to them that are enemies to the body? if some of the branches shall fall that grow on the Vine, what shall become of them that come not neare the Vineyard?

How hath the Prince of darkneſſe besotted all Mortalls? how is poore man befooled? perhaps thou measureſt by another man, and thou art higher by the head and shoulders; and thou thinkeſt God muſt love thee, becauſe of thy perſon: King *Saul* was higher then all his brethren, yet little *David* was advanced to the Crowne, and he was flung from the Throne. Perhaps thou art a Scholar, and for thy wiſedome and learning thou thinkeſt God muſt love thee, and thou muſt needs be a branch in the Vine: I tell thee thy wit is but like a sharpe Raſor; when God shall come, and ſet thy wit to gnaw on thy accuſed Conſcience: Oh the anguiſh of thy ſoule! in that day there is no ſuch torment as a ſharpe wit will inflict upon it ſelfe.

Perhaps thou art a rich man, and thou thinkeſt God muſt needs love thee becauſe of thy Riches, and ingraft thee in the Vine: no, I tell thee, Jeſus Chriſt can paſſe by all the Kings Courts, and the

Princes

Princes Palaces, and enter in the house of poore *Martha*, and be a companion for *Lazarus* that had nothing to entertaine him: If Christ had been taken with gold, he could have planted his Vineyard among the Indies where his Temple might have been all dawbed with gold.

Perhaps thou art beautifull, and thou thinkest Heaven must love thee because thou art lovely: Beleeve me, that will wither away when sickneſſe with her aſly hand ſhall ſweep off thy colour, thou ſhalt reſemble earth: though thou art like *Jezebell*, death will pluck thy feathers, and thou ſhalt be baniſht to the Grave, and call the worme thy ſiſter and thy Brother.

Therefore if thou haſt any excellency in thee, or parts, it is but cumbred ſtuffe, and the harder it is to pull thee into heaven; God muſt be faine to take more paines with thee, then with a poore creature that hath nothing to boaſt of: every externall part thou haſt is but a block to lye in thy way, and thou muſt leave them behinde thee, or thou wilt never crowd through the ſtraight Gate.

Thy table thats a ſnare to thee, while ſometimes thou eateſt more then does thee good.

Thy gold, thats a ſnare to thee, while thou ſetteſt thy heart upon it, and forgetteſt Heaven.

Thy portly body, thou mayſt boaſt of it well enough,

enough, it may be it is all thou art like to enjoy; make much of it, and much good may it doe thee. Thy wisedome is but a puffe of pride: and the more learning thou hast, the more mad thou art.

Therefore, since there is no ability in man to gaine immortallity; let this summon in the great and mighty men of the world; let them sit under the shaddow of the Vine, and eate his pleasant fruit. *Objection.* But it may be said, this seemes to be false you talke all this while; we see no glory in the Vineyard, nor taste no sweetnesse in the Vine: wherein is his fruit so pleasant?

Answer, I will tell you in foure particulars.

First, his fruit of humiliation, that is pleasant fruit, this will adorne thee with such amorous graces, that thou shalt passe by the flurts of the World with a gallant scorne, yet knowing sinne to bee the Authour of thy shame, thou shalt often inbalme thy selfe in teares.

Secondly, his fruits of meekenesse, that is pleasant fruit; thy crooked nature now (it may bee) admits of no second but thy sword, thou art now but a word and a blow, thy heart is like a tinder box, the least sparke of envy will burne to a mighty flame; but then thou shalt stand as a marble pillar immovable; the envy of thine enemies shall not trouble thee; the frownes of thy friends shall

not

not ſtartle thee; the principalities of hel shal not have power to shake thee; the worlds diſdaine shall be thy dignity, their infamy thy glory, their hate shal inflame thy fire of love, and their reproaches ſhal fil thy mouth with praiſes: nor wilt thou regard the moſt grievous paine, while thou art running to ſo glorious a prize.

Thirdly, this fruit of love is very pleaſant fruit: all the mountaines of miſery thou ſuffereſt when they are drowned in the Sea of love, will appeare but like Attomes in the Aire, when love shal cover thee under the shaddow of his wings, when thou shalt ſee how deare thou art in heavens eyes, that he did not onely give *Æthiopia* but his owne life to the Father for thee: what wouldeſt thou not endure for the love of ſuch a Saviour? does he ſuffer hell to purſue thee? it is becauſe thou shouldeſt preſſe forward to heaven, which is ſet before thee: is thy journey tedious in the beginning? it is becauſe thou shouldſt long to be at thy journeys end: and wilt thou not run, when thy Race is onely to life, and thy companion love? and wilt thou not deſpiſe any worldly loſſe, when thou shalt be treble sharer in eternal glory, and inherit immortall gaine?

Fourthly, his fruits of patience, and perſeverance are pleaſant fruit: now a few diſcouragements will daunt thee, then thou shalt be willing

to undergoe a thousand dangers every day: now if thou receivest not what thou didst aske, thou art ready to give over asking: if God openeth not at the first, thou art ready to give over knocking: and if thou findest not what thou didst seek, thou art soone perswaded to give over seeking: But then thou shalt wait with as much patience as the poore watchman that stands upon the Tower, expecting the dawning of the day, till the panting horses of time have finisht their journey, and ended their tired task: then shalt thou receive the fruit of thy faith, and Heaven shall crowne thy labours of love with undisturbed rest.

Awake then, Oh North winde, and come thou South: let the Inhabitants draw neare, let them come into our garden, let them taste the fruit of Faith, let them bee drunke with the Wine of love.

Eate, O friends, drinke, yea, drinke abundantly, O beloved! Canticles 5. verse 1.

Come take his fruit of Justification, that justice may not condemn thee: take his fruit of Redemption, that hell may not devoure thee: take his fruit of sanctification, that sinne may not deceive thee: take his fruit of glorification, that happinesse may crowne thee.

Art thou hungry? Hee is food to ſuffice thee: Art thou thirſty? Hee is water to refreſh thee: Art thou naked? Hee is a garment to cloath thee: Art thou cold? Hee is a fire to warme thee: Art thou ſcorched with heate? Hee is a Rock to ſhelter thee, Art thou in ſickneſſe? Hee is a Doctour to heale thee: Art thou alone? Hee is a friend will not forſake thee: Art thou in danger? His arme ſhall protect thee: Does the plague walke in darkeneſſe? Hee is a chamber to hide thee, does the arrowes of the Almighty flye at noone day? his wings ſhall overſhadow thee: Art thou poore? Hee hath layd up treaſure to inrich thee: Art thou diſgraced? Hee will Crowne thee with a Crowne of Glory.

And now Reader mayeſt thou imbalme the Booke in teares, if thou conſidereſt the miſery of man, and how the World does lye befooled: What horrid Earthquake is this that ſhakes the foundation of our troubled World? What black cloud hath overſpread our Univerſe, and begins to murmure in our whiſpering aire, eclipſing the light of Divinity, extinguiſhing the Lamps of purity, and endeavouring to darken the ſonne of glory, making poore ignorant mortalls grope all their lives time in the darke, and yet ſhall never finde the doore? How happy are thoſe pretty babes (who with a little flood of teares, bewaile-

ing

ing the misery of mortallity) dye in their sslumbring Nurses armes ? Sure it were happy for the wicked, if they measured but a short lived houre betweene the Wombe and the Grave, for not being found in the Vineyard, they shall have no share in the Vine, and bearing no fruit as the Corne, they shall bee burned with the Chaffe : But thou for a few evills on earth shalt bee rewarded in Heaven ; thou shalt set thy foot upon the Adder, and tread upon the yong Lyon ; for thou shalt bee hid in the secret places of the Almighty, and under the shaddow of the wings of the most high; thou shalt bee free from the dominion of sinne, and thou shalt conquer Sathan, thou shalt overcome Principalities and Powers, and thou shalt gaine by life and death : And hee whose undiscovered actions are too deepe for our dim eyes, shall beare thee on his wings through deaths darke Groves, and lift thee to life eternall, while the wicked that now does flourish like a greene Bay, shall perish ere long like a blowne off blossome, and hee that is a shining flash, shall wither like a dying Flower.

All flesh is as grasse, and all the glory of man as the flowre of grasse. 1 Pet. 1. v. 24.

Man.

STay Phœbus, *stay: Oh wherefore dost thou run*
So fast? the shades will come too soone:
Hold in, hold in thy horses, their nostrills boyle
In flames; Oh let them rest a while!
Stop thy bright Chariot wheeles, and guild the day
In glorious pride: why dost thou haste away,
Into the western world? stay gentle Phœbus, *stay.*

Phœbus.

Jove *lend me a breath of thunder, that my flashes*
May mingle terrour with my lashes:
My pampred horses linger out the day:
I surfeit with too long delay.
Fond man thou fear'st to die, and oft dost groane
To live, and blamest onely time alone:
Come guide my winged houres, and hurle me from
(my throne.

Man.

Why was I borne? or being borne, Oh why

Did I not weep one houre and die?
Ah me!
What torments doe attend us while we see
The Sun? how short a time have we!
Phœbus, *although thy Chariot makes away*
So fast, and will admit of no delay:
Yet lend more hours to the yeare, or minutes to the day

Death.

Drive on dull Phœbus, *drive away! my bow*
Is bent: and thou dost flye too slow:
Drive on againe, or by my unknowne power,
Ile blast the glory of this flower.
Time. *Stay death, thou canst not strike the blow til I*
Shall say amen [Death] *Yet* Phœbus *if thou hie*
Thee not away, this Lamp shall soone drop downe and (*die.*

Time.

Black monarch of the shades, curb in thy heeles
Awhile; attend my Chariot wheeles,
Death. *I cannot, for thy beames are too too high:*
The shades adorne my blacke browd eye:
Ile cut this flower away and then retire (*fire*
To the dark groves. [Time] *wherefore dost thou de-*
To eclipse so bright a star, and quench so faire a fire.

Death.

Death.

Thy glasse exceeds her hower, it ha's too long
To run: thou dost me too much Wrong: (way.
Ile strike the blow [Time.] *Cut not this flowre a-*
For as I am the god of day,
And sonne to high borne Jove who taught me how
To guide my wandring Orb, I'le make thee bow
Thy Prone, When next thou furrowest up our brow.

Time.

Poore man thy time is short indeed: alas,
There's but a little in thy Glasse:
But yet thou shalt not dye awhit, before
'Tis out, nor live a minute more:
My fiery horse are hot, and Wondrous proud;
I can scarce rule the Reines, but must go shrowd
My head, and leave thee wrapt within a sable cloud.

The sixth Soliloquie.

COme huffling gallâts of the times, draw near, lay downe your sallow Garlands by you, and the thing you call honour, and let your eyes behold our subject. let it pull downe your imperious necks, and strike your top sailes: let it give to vertue constancy, to prophanesse penitency, to the proud man humility: But gallants you are not sad, me thinks, you looke too well, as if you should live eternally on earth, or had an everlasting inheritance in Heaven. as if you could cõmand the horses of Time, or stop the golden Chariot of the day: what comlinesse is in your spots of complexion? what righteousnesse in your choicest Recreation? what goodnesse is in the great mans gallantry? what beauty in the proud mans bravery? what glory in the Covetous mans gold? or what great rarity in the spend thrifts prodigality? how wavering are your words? how deluding are your deeds? how disloyall is your love? how inconstant is your care? how weake are your desires to Heaven? how strong doe you doat upon the earth? how poore is your evidence of immortality

mortality? yet how richly doe you nourish in the garbe of worlds glory? And yet poore man, what art thou? but a walking shaddow, a piece of moving earth, a gliding flash, a blasted flower, an inch of mortality that art travelling to eternity, whose wisedome is but folly, whose strength is inability, whose grace is impurity, whose comlinesse deformity, whose substance is sinne, whose glory is thy shame: take man in his best time, and he is but a piece of vanity: looke on him in a full Sea of plenty, or an ebbing tide of poverty, in the bloome of age, or the blossome of youth, and this piece of earth is but a debter to Heaven, and this handfull of dust hath but a handfull of daies, in which he is as restlesse as the Sunne, as various as the Moone, as wavering as the windes, as unconstant as the Cloudes, as dissembling as the Seas, as foule as earth, as flashy as the fire, and as fickle as the Aire; and having acted his part upon this transitory stage, death strikes the Epilogue, and the play is done; and notwithstanding all his dignity, he must lye downe and dye: *For all flesh is grasse, and the glory of man but as the flowre of grasse.*

Ladies (for in your Ivory hands my Booke may sometimes be:) here's a glasse for you, not to represent your beauty, but to discover your frail-

ly, not to shew you how to deck your heads, but to tell you how to adorne your hearts, not to learne ye how in curiosity to set your imbroydred haires, but in true penitency how to drown your wanton eyes: What means your cloathes perfumed with so many favours, your Apothecaries shop of sundry salves, your new fangled braveries, you boxes of beauties, your wavering affections, your wanton Recreations? look in your glasse, see if pride be not inthroned on your majestick browes, and if your bravery be set off with any thing else but vanity: tis only vanity and nothing else but vanity which dances upon your plumes, as your feathers fanne the aire: What will you doe when death shall summon you to eternity, when sickneſſe with her ashy hand shall sweep the colour from your cheeks? when your stript off bravery shall discover your deformity, and you shall resemble earth; when you shall lay downe your ornaments of beauty by you, when the dismall Ew, and the flattring Ivy shall grow about your graves, and Time shall puffe away the remembrance of your glory.

Ladies, did I but know the scope of your desire, as your singing Master knowes your skill in an aire; I could teach your eyes to weepe faster then hee your fingers to play, and fit you as well with

a sight, as the Musition with a Song; but being a stranger to your Sex, I forbeare, onely thus much, bee as vertuous as faire, that you may bee the glory of our dayes, and that your names may flourish in after Ages. Instead of love and loves delusion, go spend some houres in divine contemplation; instead of the Poetry of *Ovid*, read the Piety of *David*; instead of the falsenesse of beautious *Absolon*, follow the faithfullnesse of blessed *Abraham*; instead of the love of *Philaster*, read the life of *Francis Spira*; behold the ruines of *Edomzedick* King of Jerusalem, of *Korah*, *Dathan*, and *Abiram*, of *Nadab* and *Abihu*, the sonnes of *Aaron*, of *Hoham* King of Hebron, of accursed *Miriam*, and Apostate *Julian*; these had all the glory of nature, and were famous in the World, yet were they lost in a confused Chaos; shunne therefore their pride, that yee bee not ruined with their plague; let your love bee without disloyalty, your faithfullnesse without formallity, your fashions without foolery, and your beauty without bravery; so shall your names flourish by the Poets pen, and live till time shall bee no more; so shall yee bee adored for your goodnesse, more then honoured for your greatnesse, and famed for your grace, more then feared for your glory; so shall your inward excellency exceede your out-

ward bravery, and your perfumed rarities ſmell ſweeter then your Conſerves of Roſes.

Come hither deluded Lover, that findeſt no felicity but in thy Miſtreſſe company; and haſt placed thy joyes in thy faire Miſtreſſe eyes; that like fooliſh *Paris*, boweſt to the Shrine of *Venus*, whoſe happyneſſe and life lyes in thy Ladyes love; remember the Peacock hath faire Feathers, but foule feete, the Bee hath Honey by her toyle, but a ſting in her tayle; the fineſt Roſe may have pricks at the ſtalke, and the faireſt Apple may bee rotten at the Core: Nay, though thy Lady may bee civill, worthy, and vertuous; yet time may make her laſcivious, wanton, and various; the faireſt Bloſſome may bee the ſooneſt blaſted, and the ſweeteſt Flower the quickſieſt withered; the bluſtring Windes may ſwell the mightieſt waves, and a glorious Morne may turne a gloomy day.

The Philoſophers ſay the life of man is nothing but opinion: Alas, thou doeſt but dreame fond Lover: heere are no hallowed Groves, no faire Elizium walkes, no Palaces of pleaſure, no high borne Imps of honour, no heads archt in Royalty, no beauties deckt in glory: But wanton Cupids morall blaze, which is as a ſhining flaſh, or a ſeeming fire, hot in a minute, and cold in a moment, which will blaſt thee if thou behold it, and

burne

burne thee if thou come too neare [illegible] will come when thou shall dread that which thou dost now adore, and loath the thing thou now dost love; e're long the stoutest heart shall bee faint, and the fairest face begin to waxe pale; then pleasantnesse shall turne peevishnesse, and kindnesse to coldnesse; plenty shall bee poverty, and beauty deformity: then shalt thou behold the rottennesse of youth when thou commest to the ripenesse of age, and see the uncertainty of life, when thou receivest the summons of death: *For all flesh is grasse, and the glory of man but as the flower of grasse.*

And thou fond muckworme, that servest the gods of gold, what needest thou labour for an Inheritance in earth? Thou hast too surely earth already, go labour for an Inheritance foole that will not faile thee, lest either thy Riches flye from thee, or thy Money perish with thee, lest the rot take thy heart as the rust may eate thy gold, lest thy possession bee made a desolation, and instead of having a Treasure in Heaven, thou purchase with thy Coyne an eternall Tombe in Hell.

And likewise thou yong man, thy morning is but now risen (and it promises to bee a Sunneshine day) and thou doest not dreame, that *all flesh is grasse, and the glory of man but as the flower of grasse;*

grasse; yet flatter not thy selfe too fairely, though thou were not strangled in thy Nativity, yet thou mayest bee cut off in thy maturity, though thou wert not blowne away in the fondnesse of thy youth, yet thou mayest bee cut off in the fullnesse of thine age; therefore let this rectifie thy reason, and purge thy pollution; let it raise thy love, and humble thy heart; thou knowest thou shalt dye, but thou canst not tell when, thou art sure thou shalt fall, but thou doest not know where: Well, walke so on earth that death may conduct thee into Heaven; expect Death every where, but feare it no where, for when thy present tense shall bee made a preterimperfect tense, as thou hast lived holily, so shalt thou dye happily, and raigne in immortall blessednesse in the Pallace of high glory.

Tell mee, thou old man (I thinke thou art acquainted well with our subject, that *all flesh is grasse, and the glory of man but as the flower of grasse*) what pleasure hadst thou in those things whereof thou art now ashamed? With much paine thou hast past thy pilgrimage, and worne thy wearied dayes: thy life has beene but a longer prologue to an eternall Tragedy.

Go look on the Monuments of the old World, old man, and see how those mighty sonnes of *Anak*

sleepe in earth ? How death has given them their *quietus est* : In the house of darkenesse there is no striving for dignities, nor purchasing of places : An Army of Souldiers that are there cannot march in Battle Ray nor in their Warlick Triumphs thunder about their Tombes : The greatest Merchant when hee takes that house hee loses all ; the richest Usurer that was worth thousands heere, if you go to him there hee has not a penny in his pocket ; but is as poore as hee was sometimes proud : The wisest Lawyer, and the eloquentest Orator, when they come there give over their practise, and will plead no more ; the Lord is there but a Companion for his Lacky, and the Judge on the Bench sleepes safe with the Prisoner at the Barre.

How doleful (mee thinkes) is the alarum of yonder passing Bell, ushering Deaths Language in every eare : If it goes for an unprepared sinner, the sound thereof strikes terrour, the night growes horrible, and every object showes his blacke actions.

Oh the Conscience of the lost sinner, now how is hee hurryed ? Now for an houre of life, but it will not bee : Let the sinner see in all his Inventory what will hee prize, or what can give one houre of ease ? None but Jesus Christ : Alas,

but

but nee hath no more in him: Unhappy soule, how hast thou spent thy time, and worne out thy pretious dayes?

Was it in love, thou hast spent thy life? Oh hadst thou beene acquainted with Heaven, how mightest thou have beene swallowed in the Sea of love? Tell mee who made the earth so full of variety, the Sunne so glorious, the Moone so beautious? Who made the glittering Starres that aspire the Olympick Hill, that the lower Orbes might bee relieved by the spangled spheres, when the Sunne has done the day? Say sinner, must not hee that gives beauty to deformity, bee himselfe much more lovely?

Or what? was it profit thou hast laboured for? what greater profit then to be a Prince? or what higher happinesse then holinesse? what greater riches then righteousnesse? or what higher gaine then to weare an immortall Crowne?

Or was it pleasure thou hast sought after? I thinke the pleasure of the world is paine: remember how often thou hast called thy selfe Foole, when thou hast been retired alone; when thy fancy hath been wearied in folly, and thy Recreation hath gone beyond thy Reason? deluded soule! what pleasure is like that which dwells in Paradice? in those blest Groves which cannot bee

deſcribed by the pen of the Writer, nor expreſt by the tongue of an Orator; whoſe glory (had any but the Art to paint forth in the language of love) twould leave the writer in a Maze, or ſtrike the Reader dead!

But now poore ſoule, in ſeeking the things that are but momentany, thou haſt loſt thy ſelfe eternally: who now can intercede before the immortall throne, that the ſinner may be ſaved? none but Jeſus Chriſt, and alas, the ſoule is not acquainted with him: unhappy ſoule! thou art now ſtruck ſilent, goe, drowne thy cloſed eyes in Teares; lye downe in duſt, forgotten earth, for thou ſhalt riſe no more, till the Axeltrees of the world ſhall begin to flame, and time ſhall breake his Charriot wheeles, till the Heavens ſhall paſſe away with a great noyſe, and the world ſhal ſwelter in flames; then thou among the reſt of thoſe dreadfull Comets appointed for horrour, ſhalt fry for ever in this unquenchable fiery *Chaos*.

But here's good newes now for thee that art prepared to dye; thou poore ſoule, that ſtandeſt upon thy watch tower, expecting the dawning of the day; thou ſayeſt my Love, he dwells in Heaven, that hath Captivated my heart with the glory of his Graces, before whom I offer up my hourly oblations, with ſilent teares from theſe my

weeping

weeping eyes: but sure he regards me not, but leaves me here as a monument of misery, or an object of the worlds scorne: remember poore soule, *All flesh is grasse*, and grasse you know hath no long continuance on the ground; believe me thou shalt shortly goe: thou mayst heare thy beloved almost every day, telling thee thy time is but short, and thou shalt ere long be transpo ted to eternity: thou mayest heare his sweet voice to charme thine eares, though thou canst not see his face to wound thy heart: thou receivest love-Letters from him, but yet thou canst not see him; for this wall of flesh doth stand between, but ere long it shall be taken downe, that you may enter together in Communion, and talke of the time of trouble, that you may inherit eternall joyes, while your eyes shoot equall flames that you may ravish in the sweetest embraces, and lose your selves in love.

And

And further by these my sonne, be admonished: of making many bookes there is no end, and much study is a wearinesse of the flesh Let us heare the conclusion of the whole matter: Feare God, and keep his Commandements, for this is the whole duty of man. Eccles. 12. vers. 12, 13.

I.

Lie, and is this all? come, spur away
My Muse, and let's have done before the day
Be downe, let's leave the Helliconian springs,
And sacred Delphise, let our untuned strings
Be screw'd up higher yet, untill our eares
Can counterfeit the Musique of the spheares:
Then drown your selves no more (this glorious prize
Is given free, the purchase cannot rise (eyes.
From floods of flowing teares) no more my wearied

Bus

II.

But does the Crowne of high immortall glory
Arch his victorious browes, that keeps this story
True. Yea and his unaefiled soule shall shine
Like Stars of the first magnitude: divine,
And glorious ornaments, he shall weare,
And sit inthroned above the hemisphere
In a garb of purest gold; this is the same
That Heaven will honour, and his honored name
Shal live, and rise up higher then the trump of fame.

III.

Foole that I was, because the verse was soone
Read o're, I thought 'twas easily done;
But thou O Lord, that mad'st this little span
Of earth; must recollect poore uncollected man
Keepe thy commands? O Lord, Is it not more
Then all the World can doe? am I before
Them all?
Oh drown these unregenerate eyes that shine
Too cleare, that I may offer to thy shrine
A shower of teares, for every drop of blood of thine.

IV.

Oh I am loſt! how ſhall poore I aſpire
Thine Altar, without diviner fire?
Whoſe hallowed ſmoake may make a ſacred fume
Before thy throne; Ah how dare I preſume
To come? Thou ſhalt have power from above:
Ile be thy Lord, and thou ſhalt be my Love;
Onely confeſſe thy ſinnes, and Ile adorne
Thy brow with beauty; teach thee how to ſcorne
The World, and make thee fairer then the faireſt
(*morne.*

V.

Well then my honoured Lord, Ile come and trye,
To tread the path of immortality:
Oh that my wandring eyes could ſee the way!
That I might travell to it every day:
Where once arrived, our lips ſhall ſtrike up loves
Alarmes, in the bleſt hallowed Groves.
Doe ſoule, ſhun death, for earth is tranſitory.
True Lord: But ſhall I (if I keep this ſtory)
Live? I'le give thee life, wrapt in immortall glory.

Too soone I wandred in an unknowne way,
Till I was almoſt loſt, had not the day
Star riſe, to guide my wandring Orbe, for all
My power, I had ſtoop'd to the imperiall thrall
Of ſome temptation which had cryed aloud
To Heaven, and left me in a ſable Cloud;
I knew not then to whom I could repaire,
To have one houre of eaſe, but now my care
Being paſt, I'le put a period to a well-tun'd aire.

The laſt SOLILOQUIE,
Or,
The Authours Farewell.

THE day breakes glorious in our darkened Orbe, tis an illuſtrious morne, cleare up my glimmering eyes; Ah me! now I ſee how much I was abuſed: I wondred (indeed) the way to Heaven ſhould be ſo hard, and that ſuch extremity ſhould lye in the path to immortality: alas, I was befool'd; it is not care can conquer a kingdome

dome, nor induſtry winne the Crowne of glory; it is not heavineſſe that workes holineſſe, nor holineſſe that merits happineſſe; nor can the price of labour purchaſe the Palace of Love. I wonder not now why the skilfull Aſtronomer has beene miſguided by his ſtar, and why the fancies of the Learned Poets have been befool'd: alas, can ingenuity merit eternity? no, tis love, tis love, that unlocks the gate of glory!

Poore man, where is thy power now, that with thy triangle heart invelopeſt the water, buildeſt Caſtles in the aire, backeſt the windes, devoureſt the earth, and ſometimes dareſt Heaven; yet when thou commeſt to trye thy force, a feather will ſcarce wag at thy fury? alas, though thou crawleſt, thou canſt not climbe, though by thy feare thou mayeſt rule on earth, yet without Faith thou ſhalt not Raigne in Heaven; though by thy policy thou mayeſt comprehend all things, yet by thy power thou canſt command nothing.

Hence let your wing'd battlements grapple, goe vaile your tranſitory glory, let your dignity lye downe and dye, let him that has the moſt rarity ſtudy humility, and be like a monument cut out of marble; let the Aſtrologer put no confidence in Aſtronomy, nor the Naturaliſt ſtudy curioſity; let the learning of the Law be turned to

the language of love; and yet let the ſweet lipt Orator lay downe his Rhetorick and plead no more: it is not the language of learning, nor a life of labour, nor ingenuity, nor fidelity, nor greatneſſe, nor gallantry, nor profit, nor pleaſure, nor glory, nor honour; it is not a garment of gold, nor a lofty looke, nor the charming tongue, nor the inchanting eye, nor the faireſt face, nor the heroick heart, nor the conquering arme, that can win heaven; no, theſe doe but chaine thee to the world, and hinders the ſoule from climbing up the Ladded to his Joy.

I ſhould rather looke for heat in painted fire, then think to finde ability in the creature: I ſhould rather believe the winde comes but to fanne us with a gentle gale, when *Eolus* unlocks his bluſtering Gates, and rocks the world in a tempeſtuous ſtorme; or that the Cloudes doe but ſhade us from the flaming Chariot of the Sunne, when by their thundering noiſes they ſeeme to crack the Axeltrees of the World, and by their diſmall darkneſſe baniſh out the day; or that the Sea (when he furrows up his brow, and calls the dancing billowes up aloft) does weep to heare the ruined Mariner complaine.

Hence let the tongues of prophane Papiſts be ſilent, and ſing no more their idle Layes, leſt while they

they trust to the memory of their Saints they lose the merit of their Saviour, and seeking Saint *Peters* Key to open the gate, they stand with the foolish Virgins knocking at the doore. It is not penning many bookes, it is not praying with many beades, it is not a new slaine Sacrifice, nor the bloud of Bulls, nor the fat of Rams, nor a thousand Rivers of Oyle, nor the Hypocrites humility, nor the worldlings beauty deckt in glory, that can save from the day of wrath: (Reader) Ile tell you why, because they are nothing; all the Consonants in the Alphabet can spell nothing without a Vowell: ten thousand Cyphers stand for nothing without a Figure: all the Nations of the earth are but as the drop of the Bucket, and the small dust of the Ballance, (not only vanity) but lighter then vanitie; till God unite the sinner to his Son, and makes him something, he is nothing, but then God the Father calls him something, and by calling him so, he makes him so: But before the power of the Prince, the pen of the Poet, the valour of the Souldier, the skill of an Orator is nothing, they themselves are nothing, the best of them are but Cyphers, and though one Cypher is bigger then another, yet they all stand for nothing.

Much study indeed is a wearinesse to the flesh: but to keep thy Commands, that is impossible for flesh and spirit. (Ah Lord!) the glory of nature

may worke the one, but the gifts of Grace must doe the other; the power of earth may practice the first, but the Prince of heaven must performe the last.

Keepe thy Commands! There is not a sentence so hard among all the learned Synods of the world: it strikes dead at once all the faculties of the soule; the poore creature here does stand amazed! Alas, it is as hard for the poore soule to doe this as for the earth to ascend to the stars, and wander with the Spheres; and therefore like St. *John*, the soule weepes sore when he sees there is none found worthy in the world. But soule retire thy selfe from teares, advance thy slumbring eyes; though thou art not worthy that dwellest on earth, yet there is a Lambe found worthy that does inherit Heaven: nay, he is not onely worthy, but willing; hee every day approacheth the Altars, and mingles his blood with thy sacrifices, and sweetens thy prayers with his perfumes, when they ascend before the immortall Throne. Sinner, thou hast a Saviour who is able to doe the worke, if thou canst but finde a will.

Oh Love! how transcendent are thy Lawes! I faine would pry into thy glorious precepts, yet dare not, lest I am too soone lost, and drowne my selfe in pleasure, and never heard of ravishings; least a glance of immortality do strike me blinde,

and

and I surfet with excesse of joy, and die.

With showers of tears O drowne my wanton eyes: thou sayst I am nothing, (Ah Lord) and now I see I am nothing: let my down-cast eyes present a silent sorrow; and let my heart resemble the dusky evening aire, when the Sunne has done the day: or as poore *Luna*, in her eclipsed bower, descends her silver throne, and having lost bright *Sol*, resignes her glory to the spangled traine of wandring stars, mourning for the absence of his Chariot wheeles. And since I am nothing, humble this heart that would too soone be high, and like the wavering Plumes, swell with every breath of praise.

It is not reading the Bible will save me from Hell; nor writing a Booke will send me to Heaven: as some gifts of Grace cannot secure me, so all the gifts of nature will not have power to save me; I may die for all the first, and be damned notwithstanding the last. Then if love be better then labour, and utility goes before ingenuity; if the lowest faith be better then the highest fancy, and a dram of grace be heavier then a tun of gold; what need I goe round about to Heaven, when there is a nearer way? no, I have done, this is the last of my labours; now I will trouble the world no more with a Poem from my Pen; the way to Heaven is by low contrition, not high speculation;

speculation; by private prayers, not by publique praises, and by the truth of fear, not by the trump of fame.

Feet, finde me out the way; I have none to direct me now but the Counsell of a troubled heart: yet I will try: Shine faire some glittering star, you that enlighten your darkned journey with your borrowed glory, and in your blessed Orbes, continually behold the day: say gentle guides, how lies my journey to the immortall hill? lead me and I will follow you. And O God hide all my faults in thy love, and shew me how to creepe through the straite gate, upon my tender joints and bended knees in this my youthfull age: shew me my inability, that I may admire thy Majesty, and though by others I should be thought something, yet to my selfe let me appeare nothing, that thou mayest be all in all.

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